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Editorial

Late reports would seem to indicate that Premier Johnston has come to the conclusion that if B.C. has any serious intention of furthering the development of its territory tributary to the extension of the P.G.E. the Province should proceed to proclaim its own policy and forget the futility of soliciting partners in this enterprise. After all it should not be forgotten that the Province initiated this development on its own. Too much money has already been frittered away on excursions East as well as flyers South, to convince us that it is time we made up our mind to go ahead on our own. Failing the faith in our own latent resources, as well as in their development, how can we expect outsiders to be attracted to the development of these resources?

It will be noted that just recently the residents in the Peace River Block north of the River, are advocating the linking up of that area with Hines Creek in Alberta, the present terminus of the Northern Alberta Railway.

The recent Provincial by-elections cannot bring much satisfaction to the Coalition. From the result of these by-elections it seems clear that the Coalition is not gaining ground. In neither of these Constituencies did they retain the support received in the general elections. Nor is it necessary to look far for the reason. Undoubtedly the imposition of the three per cent Sales Tax is not popular, and the public plainly showed their resentment in the by-elections. There should be no surprise that the imposition of this tax has been, and is, resented by the public.

It is also becoming quite clear that the objective of this tax, viz: to provide Municipal Aid and Social Security, would indicate further adherence to Socialistic policies, and that the ordinary voter is likely to conclude that if we are to have Socialism the proper party to make it effective is the Socialistic party.

Neither is the proposed Hospitalization legislation proving entirely acceptable when the individual finds

EDITORIAL ....

that he has to provide anywhere from $15.00 to $30.00 in advance to participate in the benefits, particularly so when there is very little assurance that the available facilities are sufficient and that when he requires hospital accommodation there is none in existence. It would seem to me that a policy of providing the accommodation first would have been a more logical proceeding.

The recent Progressive Conservative Convention in Ottawa gave them a new leader and a new, progressive, and up to date platform. The new leader is George Drew, former Premier of Ontario who has lost no time in tangling with the Liberal government. The proceedings of the forthcoming session of Parliament will without doubt be interesting.

As Mr. St Laurent has now been installed as Premier, a glance at the composition of the Federal House should remind all that the majority of government is no majority at all. Here is the standing in the House at present:

Liberals	122
Progressive Conservatives	65
C.C.F.	32
Social Credit	13
Others	8
Vacant	5

The five vacancies are Digby Annapolis, Carleton, Laval/Two-Mountains, Marquette, and Nicolet - Yamaska. In all these Constituencies except the latter, by-elections will be held on December 20th.

Should there be any doubt about the strength of the Progressive Conservative party and the soundness of their policies a look at the Convention should be satisfactory evidence that the party is very much alive. Some thirteen hundred delegates from all parts of the Dominion were in attendance and a very interesting aspect of this attendance was the number of ladies and young peoples' organizations represented, and let me assure you that they played their full part in all the proceedings.

The press reports of the Convention unanimously indicated that the proceedings more accurately represented the will of the majority of the Delegates than did the Liberal Convention. The Liberal Convention was clearly directed from the top while the Progressive Conservative policy was arrived at by a free and open discussion on the floor of the convention.

All sessions of the convention opened on the minute announced, and those in charge of the preparation and submission of the various reports are to be congratulated on the excellence of their arrangements.

The voting for leader was the last item on the program and the result was a majority for Mr. Drew on the first ballot.

About six thousand people were on hand for the voting, indicative of the intense interest in the result. The

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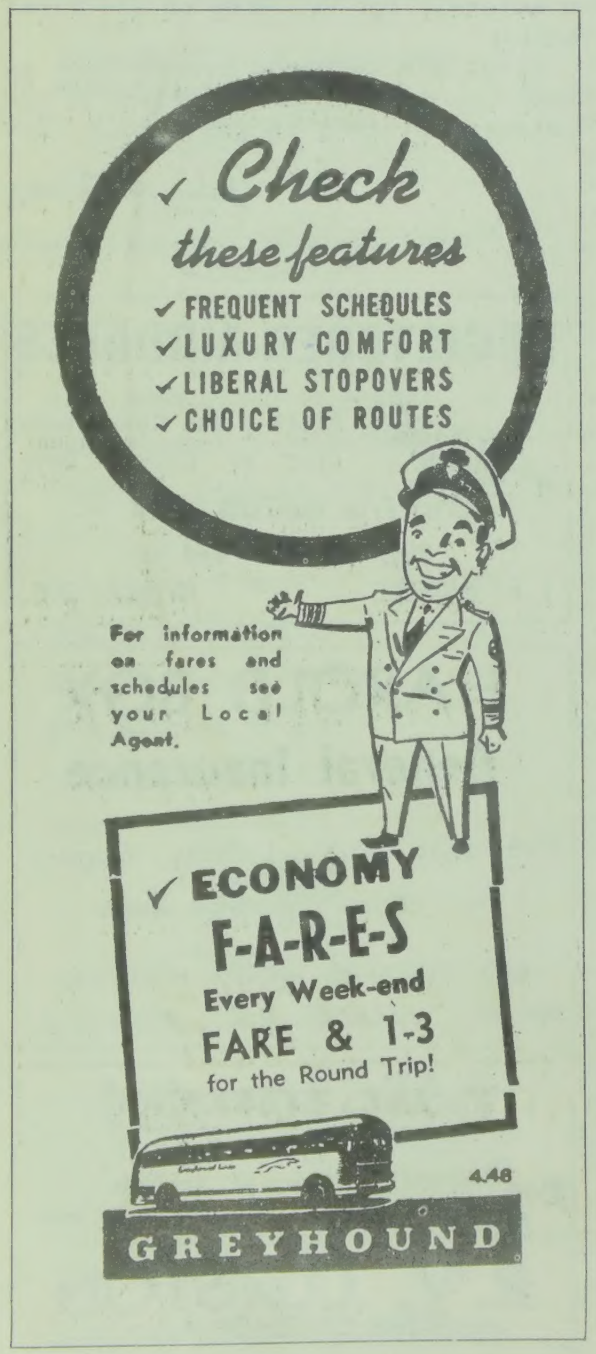

The Cover

Built in '69 St. Saviors Church of Barkerville stands today as one of the most interesting historical links with the turbulent past of British Columbia. Each plank in the church was whipsawn and time has laid its mellowing fingers upon them until now they glisten with a golden patina. The pews were hand made and carved by some oldtime artisan with loving care.

The architect adhered to the old traditions and fashioned his church on the Gothic style. The ceiling is high and the chancel is high, and within the sacred walls one feels a peaceful hush that is pregnant with the faith of the oldtimers who stormed into the Cariboo so long ago bringing with them their appetites, their lusts, their hates and also their God.

St. Saviors is an ancient church as antiquity goes in B.C. It is also a peaceful church whose spire has looked down upon gold-hungry men, homesick men, dreamers and visionaries. It is a friendly, gentle old church which deserves to be maintained for posterity.

Photos by -C.A. Wood
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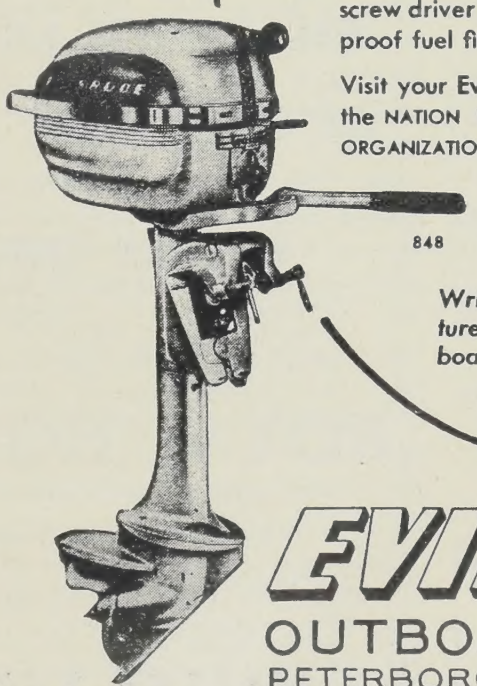

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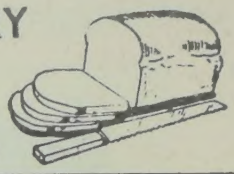

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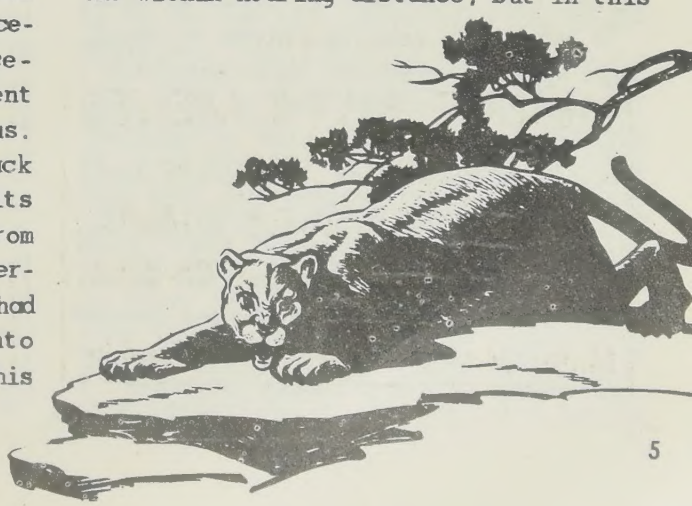
The GREAT SNOWKING

by W. D. MORRIS

Darkness had finally settled it's mantle over the land. The noisy pulse of day-time life was tucked to sleep, recharging itself with clamour for tomorrow. Riding high over the dark purple outlines of the mountains that hemmed the 'Princeton Trail' in narrow confine, rode a glorious moon, that seemed to hang just out of reach, as Jack Smith and I sat, in cheerful conversation, beside our campfire, high up on 'Seventeen Mile Mountain'. An ample supply of wood was stacked within reach so that the hospitality of the blaze would not be dimmed too soon, for Jack and I had much to discuss and had waited too long for just this opportunity.

It was an annual, and by us a many times blessed event in our lives, that each September 1st of every year we would begin a hunting trek into the steep and rugged mountains, between Hope and Princeton in British Columbia. The commencement of this faithfully kept appointment had its beginning many years previous. I had been hunting by myself far back behind Mount Ogilvie which spreads its base into Kawkawa Lake, three miles from Hope. I had shot a deer and while staggering beneath its weight homeward bound, had slipped, with the buck on my back, into a small crevice, spraining my ankle. This crevice was a wedge-shaped crack in the ground and about twenty feet deep. There was no possible means of getting out, for although the sides near the bottom of the hole were quite close together, they spread out as they ascended, until near the top I suppose the distance would have been approximately fifteen feet. Had this slit in the rocks been of narrow dimensions all the way up then I could have, by bracing my feet on one side and my shoulder against the other, have gradually worked my way to the top. During my stumble at the top I had lost my knife but still retained the rifle. I was helpless and fully appreciated the seriousness of my predicament.

As is the code of the hills when in distress, a signal of three well spaced shots from a gun will call aid from anyone within hearing distance, but in this



particular instance I had no hope of receiving help of any kind, for the country in which I hunted was well off the beaten track besides being too inaccessable for most hunters. As I lay helpless, the thoughts of dying such a lonely death beyond the call of my fellow men began to prey upon my mind, worrying me considerably, so with trembling hands I raised my rifle and fired it into the air. Ten seconds later I repeated the act, then again after another ten-second interval. Five nerve-wracking minutes of waiting, then again the signal of distress lashed upon the echoing mountains. What seemed like hours later, I was debating with myself whether or not to use my last shots when I heard a man's voice -- ''Hallo. Where are you? I can't see you.''

With tremendous relief and thankfulness in my heart, I joyously yelled, ''Here I am, in this hole over here!'' A quick light step came to my ears, closer this time, then again the voice. ''Holler again. Keep calling so I can find you.'' So, in mad response, I repeated over and over again until I saw a face peering over the top of my prison, ''Here I am! Here I am! Here I am!'' Jack Smith was at that moment, the most welcome sight I ever wished to behold. How he pulled me out of my trap by means of a 30-foot strip of rawhide which he cut from a small deerhide and how he cured my sprain and bruises only goes to prove the ingenuity and resourcefulness of the man. From that moment on I owed my life to Jack Smith and it was only through a whim of nature that I managed to repay my debt.

It was while hunting, alone as usual, high up on 'Seventeen Mile Mountain'. The last two thousand feet of this mountain is formed like a tier of benches. There is a wide, flat, perfectly level grassy bench, then a steep slope of perhaps a couple of hundred feet, then another bench, another slope, and so on. All in all there are eight benches covered with grass and Spruce trees, with no underbrush to retard easy progress. I had been sitting down on a moss-covered rock on the highest bench enjoying a smoke when I heard a shot. Surprised, I looked to where the sound came from and there stood Jack Smith, his rifle aimed directly at the top of the last steep ridge, which was the summit of the mountain. Glancing upwards quickly I observed that Jack had wounded a big buck, which, thinking himself cornered, was charging down the slope directly on top of his antagonist.

Now, if anyone had told me that a deer was the most gentle and least dangerous of all animals, I would have, up to this moment, emphatically agreed with him. I had always found deer to be timid and not in the least defiant or obstrusive. However, I now know quite differently. Here was a deer bent upon murder. It's intent was so plainly obvious in the slashing hooves and flaming eyes. Waiting for Smith to shoot again, I followed the big buck with my eyes until the thought of the man's safety flashed across my mind. If he was going to shoot, now was the time. Another moment would be too late. With a quick glance of apprehension toward Smith I saw with alarm that his rifle was empty and he was in the act of reaching for another cartridge with one hand, the other holding his gun in front of his face to ward off inevitable distruction. Jack had no chance of escap-

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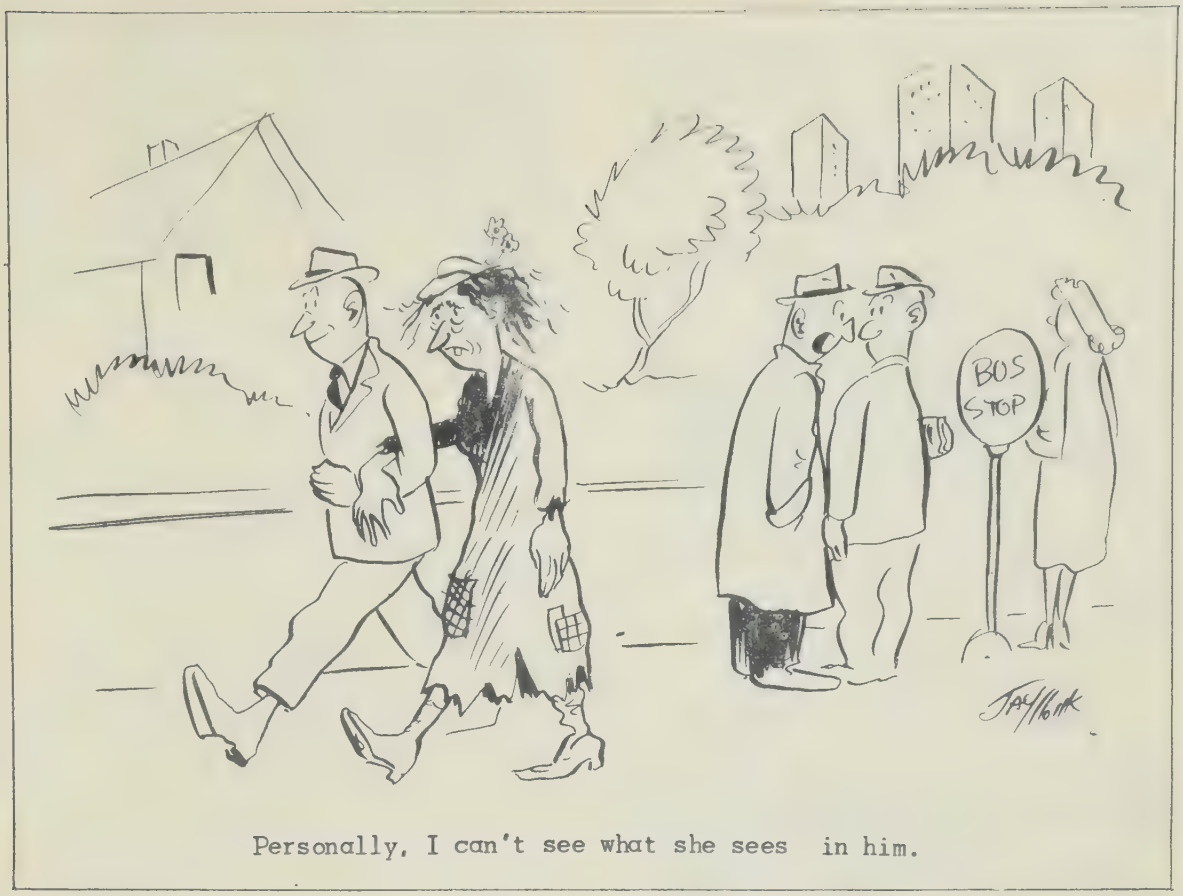

Personally, I can't see what she sees in him.

ing the onslaught and well he knew it.

In desperate haste I threw my rifle to my shoulder and snapped a shot aiming just behind the shoulder of the buck. As the spiteful crash of the shot whipped out the deer was knocked off its feet, dead as he slid the remainder of the distance down the slope, bowling over Jack Smith before coming to a halt. Had my shot been a split-second later or had it missed a vital part then another hunter would have failed to return.

It must be said that deer are beautiful creatures being as they are so shy and graceful, but to a man familiar with mountain travel, a big buck can be as dangerous as a mad bull and twice as fast. By use of its front hooves, an angry buck can literally slash to ribbons, the object of its attention--Jack Smith being well aware of this fact later shook my hand, saying as he did so "Bill now you've saved my life. If there is ever anything I can do for you just let me know.""Jack my friend," I replied, "don't you remember when you saved mine on top of Mt. Ogilvie? You don't owe me anything. We're even."

From that moment on a fast friendship grew that remained steadfast for twenty years, and as we sat in conversation before our campfire, our thoughts were dwelling upon the events of our exciting experiences. We discussed how, after the episode with the big buck, Jack and I made a pledge that no matter what we were doing or where we happened to be we would always meet again on September the first of every year to hunt again in our beloved hills. We determined that nothing should prevent us from keeping this pledge. Nothing ever has. For twenty long years we have met on the first day of each September, on the steps of the old Commercial Hotel in Hope, British Columbia.This was a rite known by many people among whom was the vendor at the Liquor Store, who, upon perceiving us in quest of a bottle

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of spirits, which we deemed a necessity among our first-aid kit, would say: "Hello boys. Has the hunting season begun already? Gracious, but the years go fast." Then we'd all get together, telling what we had seen and done since our last reunion.

As a hunter, I had always specialized in hunting that most dangerous of all North American big game, the Grizzly Bear. Now there is an animal that would test the skill and valour of any man, giving him more adventurous moments than could be obtained from any other pursuit. So it was just a natural course of events that our conversation should turn to bear hunting. Now, Jack was a born story-teller. He could keep me interested by the hour describing events that had transpired during his boyhood. Most of these tales were of his father, a Grizzly Hunter by trade. Having hunted Grizzlies all his life Jack's father, Robert Smith, had learned many of the idiosyncracies of that great monarch of the wilds of British Columbia. His one bit of advice to Jack was: "Never shoot a Grizzly Bear unless you absolutely are forced to do so, and then wait until you are certain, beyond a doubt, that you are going to hit him in the right place."

When I asked Jack which he considered the right place, he told me that his father, upon sighting a Grizzly, would work quietly upwind getting as close to the bear as possible. He would then expose himself and fire a shot at the animal to bring it after him. The animal, with man so close, would prepare to do battle with his eternal foe, and as is always the case, would raise to its hind legs when about ten or twelve feet away. While standing erect, the bear would always open its massive mouth and that would be the precise moment to end the hunt with a single shot. Jack's father would deliberately excite a Grizzly to do battle, then as it drew near to grasp him, with mouth wide open, he would shoot into the throat, the bullet cutting the spine at the base of the skull.

The very thought of being so close to death nauseated me, but after giving the matter considerable thought, I reached the conclusion that that would be the safest and most positive procedure to use in Grizzly hunting, although only a very brave man would have courage enough to stand the tremendous strain. As I watched the blaze of the campfire, I tried to visualize myself in such a valorous role but always, upon reaching the crucial moment, I would fearfully divert my thoughts to other less dangerous channels. Hours later, deciding that bed-time was at hand, we curled up in our sleeping bags and soon were in the arms of Morpheus.

At six A.M. I awoke to the sound of sizzling bacon and the aromatic aroma of bubbling coffee. The smell of bacon and coffee, mingling with the smoke of a campfire, is the most pleasing in all the world. At no other time do these two staples appear so appetizing. Maybe the sense of freedom that goes arm-in-arm with life in the open air far from the bustle of civilization, makes the mind more appreciative of the things we have. Rolling out of bed I hastened to the little creek by which we camped and held my ablutions in the icy water. All aglow with the zest of health tingling through my body, I hurried back to where Jack Smith had breakfast on the plates ready to eat. As a rule, at home, breakfast is not a welcome repast, but truly, as I ate on this particular morning, I would not have traded places for all the kingdoms in the universe. Breakfast was a pleasant affair and was over all too quickly. Soon the plates were washed and placed in our packs, then, after dousing the fire we proceeded to finish the climb to our own private little world, high above all earthly worries and strife. The climb to the top was exceedingly stren-

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uous, demanding many periods of rest, but finally about two o'clock in the afternoon, our destination was reached.

Cresting the last ridge we began descending into the most colourful and beautiful basin imaginable. 'Seventeen Mile Mountain' abutts onto 'Eighteen Mile Mountain' and where the two join, nature has formed a bowl-shaped depression of at least three thousand acres. The sides of this bowl are dotted profusely with blueberry and huckleberry bushes, lending their vivid hue to an already colourful scene. Long grass, shaded by the foliage of Vine Maple and Willow, made an ideal pasturage for the large quantity of game that frequented our retreat. Blue Grouse, equally as big as domestic fowl, flew in excited wandering at our approach. Here and there a black bear ambled, quite unconcernedly, seeking a more prolific berry patch. In the centre of the large flat bottom of the basin, quite close to the crystal-clear stream that wandered through the long grass, nestled a log cabin half hidden from view by clusters of red-leafed Vine Maple.

Our little retreat was indeed a part of heaven. We had kept its location a zealously guarded secret and had never invited anyone to join us fearing that publicity would ruin an otherwise perfect setting. Our route up the mountain was almost impossible to locate as Jack and I always kept to ground that would leave no trace of our passing. We felt that once this little paradise was known its beauty would soon be destroyed by campers building cabins, chopping down trees, and marring the face of nature in general. So ever since the episode with the big buck, Jack and I had been making our yearly pilgrimages to 'Seventeen Mile Mountain' and our secret had been faithfully kept by silent agreement.

The remainder of the day was spent in cleaning our cabin, storing the supplies we had brought with us and replenishing the woodpile from the few dry windfalls near to hand. As had been our custom for so many years, we celebrated our arrival with a meal of Blue Grouse (so plentiful in this region), golden hot biscuits as only Jack could make them, fresh blueberry pie of my own making for dessert. The result was a repast that could be compared with any banquet. After the meal, and with great gusto and flourish, Jack opened a bottle of 'Old Par' poured each of us a drink and with magnificent gesture toasted the happy days of freedom which lay ahead of us.

All of the outside world was forgotten. Only the fathomless blue sky and our neighbours, the wild creatures of the basin, would know of our escape from civilized life. Towards bed time that night Jack exclaimed: "Say, Bill, I really think we should give this place a name. What do you think?"

"Let's wait until we're ready to leave and maybe by that time we will have thought of some very appropriate name. This place is far too precious for us to be too careless in choosing a name," I rejoined.

"Good idea, Bill, very good idea," my friend agreed. "We'll wait until the last day then we'll hold a bang-up Christening ceremony. We'd better save some 'Old Par' though, just to make it binding,"-- and with this thought foremost in our minds, I blew out the kerosene lamp and we retired.

High up in the mountains morning comes early, and the act of lying in bed gives one the impression of wasting a glorious life, so, to be out strolling through the park-like terrain at five A.M. was certainly not unusual to Jack and me. To breathe the crisp, clean rarified atmosphere is to feel a new life coursing through one's entire being. Life here was worth more than any king's ransom. As we rambled on in peaceful maze, saying 'hello again' to all familiar sights, we were startled from our idle thoughts by something

neither of us had ever believed could exist. It was a magnificent buck the size of which surely earned admiration and respect from all its kin. But the stature of the deer was not the cause of our ejaculations of astonishment. No indeed. We had seen many splendid bucks in our time but never one so radically different as this splendid specimen, and as we watched it flash away in easy rythm over a ridge and out of sight, disbelief plainly showed in both our eyes. No one would believe us. We hardly believed ourselves, but we had just witnessed the existence of something that could not possibly be credited. Something unique in all the history of the wilds. We had just this minute witnessed the splendid proportions and magnificence of a freak of nature. A white deer! A buck, at that. And such a buck as would dwarf the size of any that roamed the hills. That lovely creature was as immaculately white as the driven snow. No other colour marked the unbelievable sheen that made this buck so utterly outstanding.

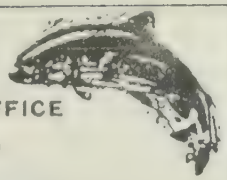
Coming to our senses at last, Jack and I rushed up the ridge to the spot where we had seen the deer disappear, but search as we may, no other glimpse of the freak rewarded our efforts. Disappointed, we returned to the cabin where breakfast soon blessed the air with its exciting aroma. After that, and for three consecutive days, we did nothing but eat, sleep and wander in pleasant abandon through the enchanting basin, enjoying our stay to the utmost. Needless to say, the greater part of our conversation dwelt upon the white buck. Being old hands at the hunting game and familiar with the habits of most wild-life, we knew that if this creature was not merely a figment of a fanciful imagination, he sooner or later would return to this basin where food was so plentiful and interference nil.

On the fourth day, toward evening, as Jack was returning to the cabin with a string of fresh brook trout, he breasted a grassy rise and there, just twenty feet away stood our friend, the white buck. As Jack told me later, they stood facing each other for probably thirty seconds, neither moving a muscle. Jack swore that the creature examined him from head to foot then disdainfully turned and slowly walked away. My friend stood there with his mouth open in amazement for some time after this unexpected meeting, then hurried home to tell me what had happened. From then on, at rare intervals, we saw the white buck as only a fleeting shadow. Each time we saw him he was flitting through the trees that formed a fringe to our sanctuary, and for a long time we never got close to him.

We were sitting one night reminiscing, when my glance happened to rest upon an old knife hanging on the wall. I remembered having picked this old relic up, years before, on the rim of the basin. Although at the time I had wondered as to its origin, I had been too interested in other matters to follow this clue to previous life any further. Now, however, with time on our hands, I thought this as good a time as any to browse around, being on the lookout for any other signs or objects that might tell us who had used this basin before we were born. This was an entirely new angle of interest and would lend additional excitement to the few remaining days of holiday left us. So, being of one accord, Jack and I decided to search out every other existing clue to the life that had used our basin so long before.

The following morning found us painstakingly peering at every inch of ground where I had found the knife. For hours our efforts brought no results until finally Jack, who had wandered into a narrow cleft in the face of the ridge, let out a whoop. "Hey, Bill! Come and see what I just found on the floor of

P. W. OGDEN



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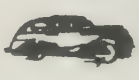

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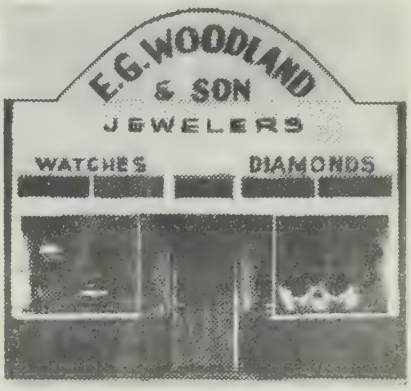

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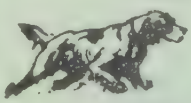

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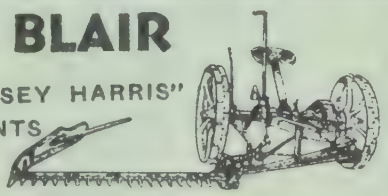

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'Jim,....the roof is leaking'

this cave!'' Now the spot he mentioned was indeed no cave but a sort of shallow indentation where at some time or other a massive chunk of rock had pulled loose and gone on its careening way down the mountain. The resulting hole had a flat floor about twelve feet by twenty. The rear wall came up perpendicular for at least ten feet then gradually sheered out, forming in the process, a high sloping ceiling when it finally reached the outside wall of the ridge again.

As Jack Smith's words reached my ears, I hurried to join him and found him holding in his hands, and I shudder to think of it, a human skull -- an old, dry, discoloured and very fragile skull. I knew Jack was not a squeamish man in any sense of the word, but to see him examining so casually this human ruin, gave me quite a start. Thoughts of a skull had probably been the farthest from my mind at the time and it was with a decided shock that I now viewed the object. After a moment, upon recovering my equilibrium, I began helping my friend search for other earthly evidence of long-dead humanity.

Under two or three inches of accumulation of dust and other matter, our groping fingers brought to light the entire remainder of the skeleton. I had by this time lost all my reticence and was equally as eager as Jack. Our labour was further rewarded by yet another relic. An ivory-handled revolver. The barrel was rusty and pitted, the chambers would not turn, but I could tell that at one time this had been an expensive gun and no doubt the most treasured possession of the man whose bones lay heaped before us. The only other item we discovered was a miner's pick, the handle of which crumbled at our touch.

By this time darkness was beginning to fall and as we could find nothing further we decided to return to the cabin, so,

carrying the pick and determining to come back the next day to bury the bones of our predecessor, we walked home. That evening while cleaning the old weapon, we tried to piece together the story connected with the man who met death in our basin so long ago. He had evidently been a miner, hence the pick, but we had as yet found no indication of his workings. Through the years, Jack Smith and I had explored practically every inch of our mountain retreat, except one particular spot. This was a seemingly inaccessable part that dropped away abruptly for at least three thousand feet, straight down like the side of a tremendous wall. In our estimation this was not worth exploring but if our calculations proved right, here was the only spot that could bear testimony of our subject's existence. We determined that next day our efforts would best be served in that direction. After forming this plan of action the remainder of the evening was spent in wild conjecture until at last we decided to retire before our guesses became too outrageous.

At daybreak, after an early breakfast, we packed a lunch, picked up our rifles and a thin rope I always carried with me since my accident on Mount Ogilvie, and commenced our expedition of exploration. A few clouds warned us that soon we must leave our sanctuary, for snow was due any day now, and to be caught unprepared in the mountains was to court almost certain disaster. We judged that we had at least three days during which to conplete our sojourn and be out again, back to civilization. At that rate we should have one day in which to find the dead miner's workings, one to clean and lock up the cabin, and one to descend to a lower and much safer altitude, where we would again find ourselves on the old Princeton Trail where some means of transportation would soon be available. With ample time at our disposal we walked on, our minds at rest.

An hour later we had left the basin and were quite close to the sheer drop of the mountainside, and as we walked cautiously along the edge, we felt that this would be a wasted day, but upon arriving at a spot where the rim cut into the mainland for some one hundred yards or more, we found upon closer examination, a path leading down into the depths below. Now this path was a complete surprise to us for from a distance no one would believe it possible to descend anywhere near this particular point of perpendicular mountainside. However, the very existence of this trail bore out our first conclusions that this could be the only spot where this miner had worked, providing, of course, that he had worked at all. After careful observation, we cautiously followed the steep decline without more ado. As we progressed our surprise increased, for on the pathway were the unmistakable hoof-prints of deer. The tracks assured us that this pathway was very frequently used but for what reason we could not guess. Surely there must be some great attraction of which we knew nothing that drew such an obviously large number of deer along the path, out of sight of the world.

After winding down the trail for probably twenty minutes, our amazement was complete, as upon rounding the last switch-back, there opened before our wondering eyes, a bench of perhaps twenty acres -- but what a bench! In the exact centre was a perfectly round water-hole of about thirty feet in diameter. The crystal water, overflowing the spring, found its way in a little stream through the long grass until it hurled itself in pure abandon over the side of the precipice. Clumps of spruce and yellow-cedar dotted the flat.

Such charm of scenery was additionally enhanced by its unexpected appearance and seemingly impossible existence. However, as we gazed around in awe, we knew that our steps had led us to the haunts of our elusive friend the great white buck

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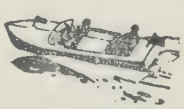

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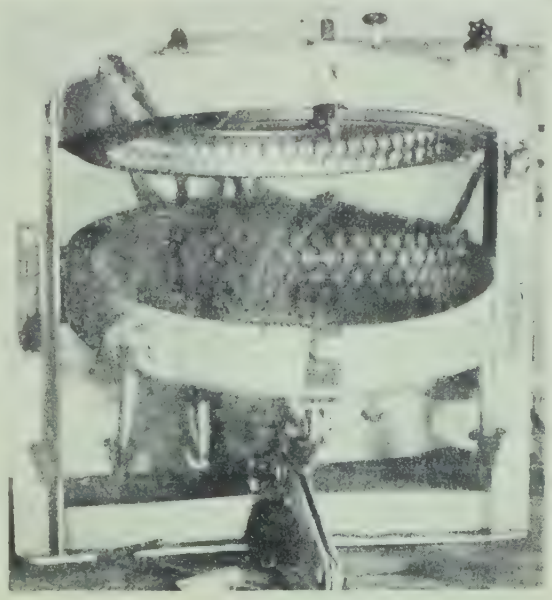

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There he stood in stately poise, head up, magnificent antlers thrown back, ears forward, gazing at Jack and I in inquiring attitude. No fear showed in the attentive eyes and as we watched we knew that here was a gladiator who would battle unto death to protect his rights.

As we had no intention, at that particular moment, of causing harm to the wonderful stag, we skirted his position and continued on our way toward a hole we had seen in the rear wall that rose straight up to the sky. This hole had the appearance of being man-made--giving rise to our exultant surmise that here were the workings of our long-dead miner. Our excitement increased as we drew near for the unmistakable evidence of months of toil showed plainly. The last few steps brought us to the entrance of the tunnel which was large enough to permit both Jack and me to stand erect with ease. Being eager to investigate we propped our guns against a boulder and left the rope and lunches at its base where we would return in due course to refresh ourselves.

Both being exceptionally eager to find what manner of treasure-trove would reward our search we lost no time in entering the tunnel. Not wanting to miss anything we progressed with some caution and as time went by noticed that the air became quite dank until finally, after having penetrated the mine for about a distance of two hundred feet, a peculiar odour assailed our nostrils. The smell seemed familiar somehow and gave us a strange furtive feeling. Cautiously, with Jack leading, our steps creating hollow echoes from the musty depths, we crept onward. By this time we could no longer see ahead as no daylight ever reached this part of the tunnel, so after a brief consultation we decided to return to the entrance where we might find some pitchy spruce knots to use as torches. Our exit consumed far less time than had our cautious entry and soon the bright sunlight was once more blessing us with its generous warmth. Neither Jack nor myself hastened to admit the fact but we both had the strange feeling of danger. Now to both of us, used to long years of hunting and facing hazards where one mistep meant death or injury, this feeling of impending threat came as a great surprise. Nowhere could we discern anything of an ominous nature but with experience goes caution. This sixth sense which comes to so few should never be ignored for it is a natural inheritance handed down from the beginning of time to everyone. Only a few, whose experiences have so demanded, have cultivated this sixth sense to an unfailing degree and have benefitted tremendously from its existence.

Jack and I never ignored this feeling and at this time, after finding a few suitable spruce knots, picked up our rifles making sure they were loaded and ready for use. Then we retraced our steps into the mine. Caution was our watchword and long before reaching that point where daylight no longer existed, the flaming spruce knot held aloft by my comrade caused the flickering shadows to move around the rocky cavern, lending fantastic proportions to an already fertile imagination.

Although not in the least superstitious we felt chills racing up and down our backs as our exploring feet carried us further and further into the mysteries of the gloom ahead. That strange odour still permeated the air though it became no stronger.

Finally, the tunnel broadened out and ended in a sort of room, of, say, fourteen feet circumference. As yet, we had seen nothing to explain the peculiar feeling of danger and had we had less experience, would have certainly dismissed the idea immediately. That smell bothered me still. I knew I should recognize it, for somehow it seemed familiar. I had been in contact with that smell before and its associations were evil. However, as nothing of any portent presented itself both Jack and I decided to

explore more thoroughly the room in which we now stood. Our first find was a hearth covered by a piece of iron sheet about three by three (feet) dimensions. There was no clue as to what use this structure had been put so we presumed it had been used as a hard surface upon which to crush, by hand, the quartz so evident in the cave. No vein of any kind of ore could be seen so we believed that whatever our predecessors had mined had at this point petered out. However we could not be certain without a more thorough examination.

Lighting another torch I stuck it in a crack in the wall about four feet from the floor, then began a search of the room. I had been searching the place for about five minutes when I came across a small pile of rubble that seemed to me to have fallen from the roof and was heaped against a wall of the cavern. However, search as I might, I could not find any point above the heap from which the dirt and stone had dropped. Finally I decided to dig into it and with the aid of a spruce knot commenced what seemed at first like a lengthy job. Lo and behold! I had just moved a sizeable stone from the middle of the pile when a small amount of dirt slid down from the top of the pile, disclosing what seemed like a hole in the wall. Calling Jack, who came hurrying over to me, I showed him my find and together we started pawing away the muck furiously. Soon we knew that we had stumbled upon another tunnel and soon, too, our imaginations were running wild again. After what seemed like ages we finally made the hole big enough to permit our entry by crawling through on our stomachs. Jack took the lead and after worming his way for about six feet, called for me to hurry. "Hey, Bill!" his voice came to me strangely muffled, "Here is another cave and I can see daylight ahead!"

In my eagerness to join Jack, I almost dived through the small opening and came out in a natural cavern of generous proportions. I saw Jack holding aloft his flaming torch. He was standing upright in the centre of the cave whose ceiling reared above our heads for probably twenty feet or more. There was a slight turn in the tunnel ahead of us, but I too was certain that daylight showed faintly through the shadows. Advancing quickly, we came to a point where a jutting wall caused the cavern to narrow suddenly to approximately eighteen inches. During this time that worrysome odour had become stronger and my mind increasingly more upset. Gradually the answer came to me. I should have known right along what caused such a smell and now that the answer came to me I called to Jack.

"Jack, wait a minute!" He turned inquiringly at my hail. "What's the matter Bill?" "Have you got your gun with you?" I quickly asked. "Why no, I haven't. Why?" Jack queried. I caught my breath in a gasp. I had not brought my gun either. We had left our weapons propped up against the wall on the other side of that small cave-in. "That smell, Jack. That's Mountain Lion. I know we are close and I'd certainly hate to meet one in here. I'm going back."

"By gosh, Bill, you're right. That is lion smell!" Jack exclaimed as I turned to retrace my steps to get the guns. I had crawled through the excavation and was striding towards our rifles when the flickering light went out. Striking a match I snatched up another spruce knot from the pile and lighting it, stuck it back into the crack which held the charred embers of its predecessor. Walking over to where the guns rested, I found that Jack's rifle had fallen over and that the barrel lay in a small pile of crushed quartz, a little of which undoubtedly had gotten into the rifling of the piece. Opening the breech, there being no cartridge in the chamber, I blew through the barrel and was peering into it, using a piece of white paper as a reflector, when to my ears came an unearthly shriek from the interior of the

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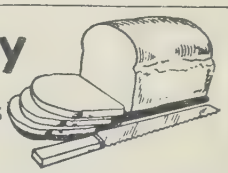

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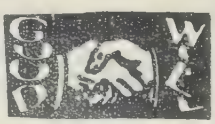

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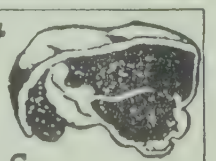

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"Gee Hank, these binoculars are sure powerful!"

cavern. Turning apprehensively, I was just in time to see my friend's blood-smeared face coming in desperate haste through the hole. Out he scrambled, his clothing ripped to shreds. One boot was torn off, and his foot seemed to have been through a meat grinder. Close upon his heels came a satanic face followed by a long, sinuous body.

The speed with which this took place, left me rooted to the spot momentarily. Then, throwing down my friend's rifle, I snatched up my own, levering a cartridge into the chamber as I raised it to my shoulder. By this time both Jack and the mountain-lion were well on their way toward the entrance of the tunnel and as the animal had passed out of the sputtering light thrown by my torch, I could not risk a shot for fear of shooting my companion. Running in a crouching stance I sped after the murderous beast, dreading to think of what I would find outside. Nearing the entrance of the tunnel, I saw the bright morning sun shedding its warmth upon the bench I had thought so heavenly such a short time before. By the time I had reached the outside again, I was sure in my own mind that Jack had succumbed to the onslaught of the ferocious beast, but as the ground flew under my feet, I was not in any manner prepared for the final stages of the dramatic play.

Truth is said to be stranger than fiction, and the closing scenes of this chapter in our lives stretches credence far beyond the borderline of fancy. However, to give justice to both Jack and myself, this final chapter must be recorded.

As I burst from the tunnel into the

bright sunshine, I saw Jack Smith lying face down on the ground. He appeared dead. His blood-smattered figure lay piteously still. My anguish for him gave way to incredulous amazement as I perceived, not four feet away from Jack, the battered form of the mountain-lion undergoing such a terrific beating that the very life was being slashed and stamped from its body.

Now I have seen,on rare occasions, a coyote undergoing a similar trouncing, but never dreamed that a mountain-lion could be handled in like manner. The aggressor and victor at this moment was none other than that freak of nature, that magnificent creature, the great white buck! His might, as he reared up on his hind legs then chopped down with front legs held still as ramrods, sharp forehooves cleaving the flesh and mashing the ribs of the hated enemy, was as evident as the fearless determination and singleness of purpose displayed by his every action.

That fearful assault did not lessen until the mountain-lion was nothing but a mass of bloody pulp. Not a vestige of life remained to peer from the dull and glazed eyes to cause fear by their maliciousness. The malignant cat was dead.

As I stood there in awe, the final act came to an end. The great white buck sniffed the dead carcass, shook his wondrous antlers defiantly, then turned and nonchalantly walked back to the point of vantage he used in caring for the safety of his flock. He showed me no intolerance as I advanced to make certain of my friend's condition. Instead, the magnificent creature turned his back upon me as though my presence wasn't of the slightest consequence.

Kneeling beside the prostrate form of Jack Smith, I rolled him over onto his back and discovered that he was not so far gone or mutilated as I had at first suspected. I found my friend looking at me through half closed eyes. Blood was oozing from several great scratches from forehead to chin. It was, to me, a miracle that Jack had any face left at all, for a mountain-lion can rip the side of a cow with one sweep of its razor paw. Jack must have been just out of reach of the full thrust.

Soon I had finished bathing his wounds, and gave him a drink of cool, crystal water. Within half an hour he was sitting propped up against a boulder talking to me, weak to be sure, but alive. I told him we would have to get to the cabin as soon as possible, where I would have a chance to tend to him more thoroughly. He consented to start immediately. Once we got him to his feet he was able to maintain his balance, and with myself carrying all our equipment, we proceeded upon the return journey. That was indeed a slow undertaking, the climb up the cliff seemed to consume hours. At the halfway mark, I left Jack sitting comfortably on the ground while I hurried to the top, deposited our paraphernalia, and returned to assist him unencumbered.

At long last we stumbled into our blessed log cabin, where, after making Jack easy, I soon had a brisk fire burning in the stove. As soon as the water in the old kettle was hot, I brought out that elixer of life, our 'Old Par', and we sat down to enjoy a much needed drink. After that came a tasty supper, then sleep.

I will not discuss the next two days for nothing much of interest happened. Jack Smith, owing to his splendid constitution made a remarkable recovery, and though he was still weak from his most recent ordeal, we decided that our departure from the mountains was imperitive as the threatening clouds gave portent of snow in the offing. I did the odd chores, making sure everything was in its right place and free from the destruction of winter, then together we started our journey down the side of the

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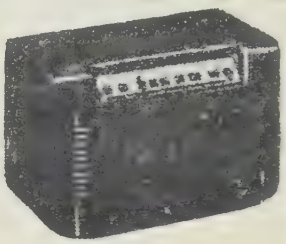

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''...and this is chief White-eagle... he was two-faced!''

mountain. I will not dwell upon the hazards of that trip, of how, before we had left the upper regions, snow came upon us, making our every step one of consequence or gamble. Eventually however, we reached our objective, safely though somewhat bedraggled, and were not long thereafter in attaining the safety and hospitality of our homes.

For two weeks afterwards, while Jack was getting back into the stride of his usual old self, we had many opportunities to discuss our adventure. To us, that great white buck, my friend's saviour, was held in an exceedingly reverent light. We both had reason to thank our stars that God had seen fit to create this magnificent freak, and as we talked, I knew that some day I would have to record an account of what transpired upon that lonely mountain top. I also knew that maybe no one would believe our story. As for that, I do not care, for there are many sides of this life that give no reason for their existence. I do not know why God created a white buck -- I only know I saw him. I also know that he is safe from any action of mine. That white deer was to us the king of all deer, and that is why, as Jack and I sat in conversation, we decided to name him ''The Great Snow-King''.

Black Bears of the Wilderness

by "Cariboo King"

The camp marauder

"The blacks are thick this year; in fact, they have been so for a number of years. There is no closed season where the black varmints are concerned," said Sandy, easing himself back in an easy chair beside the radio in his home. "There, listen to that, the weather will be colder and the blacks will be denning up for the winter soon. We had better get one or two before they hole up for another frosty season."

"Sure," I replied. "But Ursus Americanus is as elusive as an eel is under water. We'll sure have to do some good stalking to get us a bear. Black bears are cunning and slick. One rarely sees one in the woods, although the woods are full of them."

"How about taking a whack at Ursus ferox or horribilis," suggested Sandy with a grin.

"Nothing doing," I replied, "Grizzly bears are out as far as I'm concerned; besides there are no Grizzlies in our immediate neck of the woods." I heaved a sigh of relief, as Sandy grinned again, knowingly. "Let's get a better start on black bears," I said. "We have only one to our credit in all our hunting trips together."

"Sure," he chuckled. "We'll sort of throw down on another black or two before trying conclusions with a Grizzly."

The black bear, Ursus Americanus, is not dangerous on the whole, as some people would have us believe, but will run at the scent or sight of man.True, a mother bear with cubs is dangerous. If you think my statement is not true, get between a mother bear and her cubs and let the cubs begin to cry and whimper. You'll have to make tracks fast or shoot the she bear; there is no alternative.

One hunter I am acquainted with, who had inadvertently stepped between a she bear and her two cubs, was surprised to see two small, black bears

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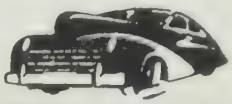

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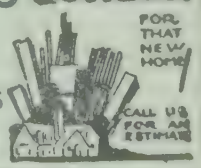

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Freddie Gogolin poses with our second black bear.

scamper up a tree like scared squirrels. He stood looking at the cute little fellows. Suddenly, they began to whimper and cry out. The old she bear was within earshot of her family and came on the run. The hunter shot quick and fast, halting the black within a few paces of himself. He then decided to take the cubs in alive. But this task was easier thought out than done. A cornered cub bear can scratch, bite and claw. After considerable effort to climb the tree, the hunter discovered that he was not one to 'bring 'em back alive'. He ended up by shooting the two cubs and peeling off their hides, too. Those two bear cubs were the cutest pair when mounted that one would wish to see.

A day later, after the exchange of conversation in Sandy's home, we were hunting out Chief Lake way when we caught a glimpse of a bear as he disappeared into the undergrowth in a flash. We cautiously crept forward on the trail of our black, but we could have as readily found a needle in a haystack as found a trace of that black bear. He disappeared as though the earth had swallowed him up. Off to the right, a squirrel barked; a Whiskey-jack, Moosebird or Canada Jay, flew overhead and saucily perched near us, waiting for the kill. A twig snapped, we heard movements in the forest ahead. Cautiously, we again silently continued the stalk, moving through the forest like a couple of wraiths of the past.

''Listen,'' whispered Sandy, ''did you hear that noise?'' We paused. I listened. Sure enough, it sounded like the soft pad, pad, pad, of a bear's feet. Then we heard a twig break.

''Up ahead in that clearing,'' said Sandy breathlessly. ''He's there!'' We moved forward again, stalking our game intently, then we crept forward to the last fringe of forest growth and peered out. We raised our rifles. Sandy expelled his breath noisily. I relaxed and flipped the safety of my rifle. A couple of squirrels were dropping cones with a soft thud on the moss-covered forest floor. Sandy looked at me and grinned.

''We should have known better,'' he said. ''As if that black bear would hang around this vicinity after we had started our stalk. That bear is all ears, eyes and nose by now. We might

Sandy brought our third black bear to town on top of his lumber truck .

as well call off the chase.'' We did.

The weather prophet had prophesied wrongly. Bright autumn days prevailed over the Cariboo countryside. Bears were still roaming the woods, and the fortune of two hunters, changing with the deepening hues of the alder, birch and willow trees, brought bear meat into the larder and produced priceless grease for cooking and doughnut making.

We were hunting out the same road, only much closer to town this time. We were not altogether expecting to contact game so soon, until we were almost on top of our quarry. A black bear crossed the road ahead of our truck.

''Might as well say 'good-bye' to that one,'' said Sandy. ''He's gone, as fast as his legs can carry him. We might, however, bag him as I noticed that he is a young bear and not too wise in the ways of hunters as yet.'' He was right. The young bear had paused to await developments, which proved to be his undoing.

We stopped the truck; we hit the ground, running and loading our rifles as we ran. Our bear was standing behind a clump of alder bushes. When the noise of gunfire had died out, the last echo reverberating back from the surrounding hills, our bear was down to stay. He rolled over and went out like a light. We had bagged our first black of the year.

Still the weather held good. The weather prophet had changed his predictions to comply with the whims of old mother nature. The fall days were warm and lovely. I have lost track of the number of times that Sandy has hammered on my door during early morning hours. But I felt assured that he would bang again if the weather remained so favorable. After all, one small, black bear doesn't go far among a number of friends, and we are allowed three to each hunter up here in the Cariboo--with no closed season. And the bears were thick last year, and this year, too....

Our next hunt was out Ottway, following the road that in a snake-like fashion paralleled the railroad right-of-way. The low alder, willow and birch, running in symmetrical lines back to the deep forests of evergreens make excellent cover for black bears. The sombre depths of forest land, the moss-covered forest floor, the sough

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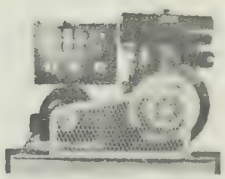

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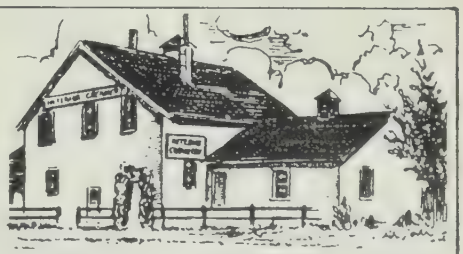

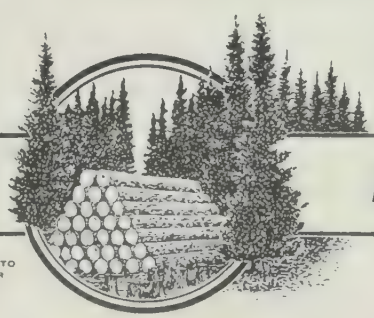

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of the wind in the tree tops, spoke to us in sign language. Here, in this almost impregnable wilderness of second growth and virgin timber, is the home of the Ursus Americanus. Unlike his smaller cousin, Ursus ferox or horribilis likes the rugged vastness of mountain country. The great rocky peaks, the stalwart bulwarks of stone and gnarled forest growth, is his home. Nature has placed her charges perfectly. The elusive blacks are a part of the virgin forests, the great grizzlies blend with their surroundings of rocky terrain and dauntless peaks.

At times the trails of black bears and grizzlies cross. More than one hunter or wilderness traveller has made his sides ache with laughter at the cunning of the grizzly bear. In fact, bears of all species are cunning. Through his glasses one hunter watched a black bear out in a stream, scooping up salmon and flinging them onto the bank behind him. Hidden in the willows near the water's edge was a huge grizzly, gobbling up the fish as fast as they landed on the bank! When the small black came to the bank to eat his dinner, the grizzly met him with a roar and a clout of his paw that sent the little fellow flying through the air to land with a splash in the middle of the stream. There the black bear whimpered and cried like a baby, as the huge grizzly ambled off into his solitary retreat, while the hunter could hardly control his mirth.

Bears are like humans, somewhat. They are sociable fellows on the whole; but one is apt to run into a cantankerous one now and again. Perhaps bears suffer with indigestion too; and the toughest situation in my way of thinking is to meet a grizzly with toothache. I have no desire to do dental work on a grizzly's jaw. A 30-30 rifle is not the weapon to use for such an operation.

''Look!'' said Sandy. ''There's a black bear rooting and grubbing in that field at the edge of the forest. Let's get him! He's a young one,too!''

''All the better,'' I replied. ''Young bears are tasty and not as tough as the older fellows. I'm with you!'' But the bear scurried like a frightened rabbit into the forest depths and we soon lost track of our game.

''We might get him on the way back,'' said Sandy. ''We'll sure have a good try, at least.''

We hunted diligently during the afternoon without success.Sandy always combines pleasure with business, if at all possible, and we loaded up his truck with a load of timber, ready for the trip back to town. This is the price of a hunt with Sandy--a load of lumber or birch wood thrown on the truck. Of course, there are days when we hunt without combining pleasure and labor--incidentally, tramping through the bush all day is not labor; not, at least, when one is hunting big game.

Sandy had driven a few miles before we saw the bear again. We were returning with the load of lumber. There coming out of the same stretch of timber and crossing the small field was the black bear. He saw us. Sandy jammed on the brakes; he jumped out of the truck and ran into the field, loading his gun as best he could while on the run. His action kept the bear from turning back into the forest. The bear climbed the railroad embankment and disappeared in the second-growth which lined the right-of-way.

I climbed the embankment and started to hike down the track. Sandy ran down the road that paralleled the right-of-way. He lost no time in making five hundred yards or so. But I could see no sign of the black, neither could Sandy. Blacks, as we have mentioned, are cunning and elusive. In the distance I saw Sandy turn back. He was giving up the chase. He walked a hundred paces or so, then he stopped. He looked hard and long. Suddenly, his rifle jumped up and the .303 boomed out. I saw a black object go rolling down the embankment to disappear out of my line of vision. Again I heard the rifle's report. Sandy had bagged our second black bear. The bear had hidden in the bushes which lined the right-of-way. Sandy had seen the black object, thinking it was a stump. As he watched intently, the 'stump' had moved. Sandy fired. His second shot

'Blackie' poses for a close-up just before the trigger is pulled.

proved fatal.

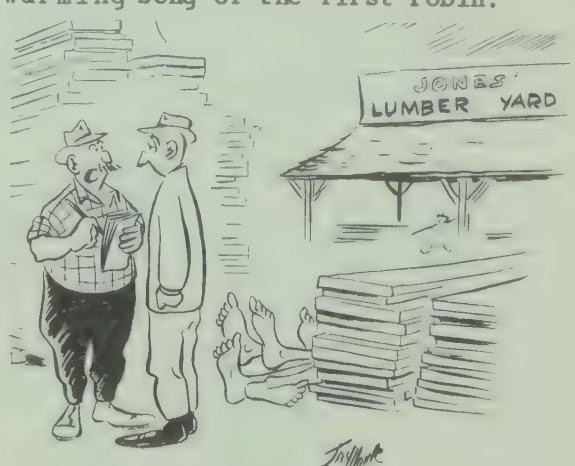
''Looks like we'll have lots of bear grease on hand this winter,'' said Sandy.

''Sure,'' I replied. ''We have done alright where bears are concerned.''

''It's your turn next to bag a bear,'' grinned Sandy. I've shot two so far this season.

''Sure,'' I replied, ''it's my turn next.'' But I didn't down a bear. Our next hunt put a lovely mule-deer buck into the bag for yours truly. But that is another story.

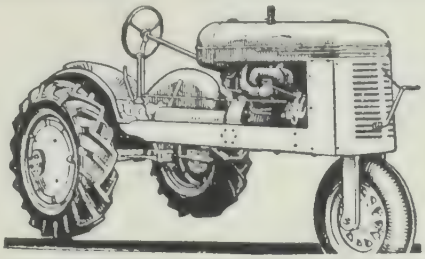
We were satisfied, however, with the result of our hunt in pursuit of Ursus Americanus. Two of these noble animals were to help sustain life within a number of humans, when the thermometer would hit thirty and forty below during the winter months, and the great wilderness of Cariboo would lie blanketed by a covering of snow; but Ursus Americanus would feel little of the cold weather as he would sleep beneath the fierce blasts of winter, warm and snug in his den -- minus two of his brothers -- to await the first warm breath of spring and the heart-warming song of the first robin.



'...with that last load, there were a few extra feet...'

Prince George

Assman Agencies



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From Vancouver to Prince Rupert

"An eventfull trip by car"

by Rita Rogerson

When vacation time is here, if you are planning a car trip and you're not sure where to go - why not travel up the Cariboo Highway to Prince Rupert? Two years ago we made the trip from Vancouver to Prince Rupert by car. It was early in May and since my brother Bill couldn't get shipping space north for his car we decided to drive home by the Cariboo. Bill's wife thought the trip would be too strenuous for their young baby and so returned north by boat.

On a Friday afternoon in early May, we left the Devonshire Hotel in Vancouver for Prince Rupert, or as close as we could get to Prince Rupert. We sped through Vancouver giving everything a last look, and tried to suppress the excitement we felt with the prospect of our trip north. In no time at all Vancouver was a thing of the past and we were driving through New Westminster, with all its sawmills.

Soon the lower Fraser grazing lands were on either side of us. The cherry trees were in blossom. The green lowlands, the cows so serene and placid, the sweet scent of the country trees and grasses gave forth a feeling of peace and restfulness. Quite a few new homes were being constructed along the way.

Our first stop was Chilliwack. The car needed something or other fixed. We left it in the garage and wandered around the streets. Was it ever hot! Although it was only the first week in May, the sun beat down with vengeance. We were on the verge of a sunstroke when we discovered friends of ours. They invited us out to their new home which was under construction. They assured us it would be wonderful to have a little visit while they made coffee for us.

We went back and got the car and drove out to our friends' home. Jim, my husband, and Bill muttered a bit about visiting and women in general and delaying the trip. However when our host gave them some cold beer in his cool basement they thawed a bit and quite enjoyed themselves. The coffee and buns were very appetizing too.

We left at 5 P.M. for Hope, where we decided to spend the night. Before we reached Hope, we stopped at a group of auto-camps. There's a swift running

stream nearby. There was a dining-room and store, so we decided to have supper. As we entered the store we heard a friendly voice saying "Hello there" and when we looked around we discovered it was a parrot. The meal was very fine. I overheard two men discussing food and one said that this place had been recommended by a friend of his who was a sort of connoisseur of eating spots.

We spent the night in Hope in an auto-camp that said "no babies" -- well, that's what the proprietor said. We didn't care very much for that place.

We arose about 8 o'clock Saturday morning and drove on to Yale for breakfast. We went into a small, spotless hotel-- there just wasn't a speck of dust or dirt anywhere. The lady served a most delicious breakfast of ham and eggs.

The cottonwoods were in leaf and the air was filled with the tang of spring. One thing about the Cariboo highway-- the scenery is never monotonous and neither is the highway. I always feel a bit like Christopher Columbus when we start over it. Adventures lurk on all sides. One can see why some Americans are rather disappointed with our Canadian highways after their paved thoroughfares. However if they bring out their spirit of adventure, I'm sure they'll have more fun riding ours.

As we travelled along the Cariboo road, with the mighty Fraser roaring below, I felt my breath leaving me. Jim said "This is certainly God's country" and I quite agreed with him. I just couldn't picture an ordinary mortal making his niche in this awe-inspiring terrain. We met the odd timid driver coming toward us who hugged the cliffs, forcing us to go on the river edge to get past him.

The hillsides were covered with yellow daisies which had brown centres and looked like stunted sunflowers. Also a species of bluebell. The men stopped the car and we picked some, just couldn't resist them.

We stopped at Lytton for lunch. The wind was blowing quite forcefully. I felt like getting a horse and tearing off over the hills to some non-existent

Fraser Canyon Highway

ranch. All fancy of course, because the few times I have ridden in my life caused me much discomfort the next day. But Lytton strikes me that way -- a place for a horse. There are some very nice auto-camps near Lytton.

Our next destination was Ashcroft. We stopped on the sun-baked highway for about two hours. That is, the car stopped there among the sage brush hills. I believe the gas line was plugged. Jim and Bill fooled around with the sparkplugs and such for quite a spell before they started on the gas line.

Anita, then six years old, our daughter and I wandered up the highway a ways and ventured off on one or two of the wagon roads. We didn't lose sight of the car - because well - we wanted assistance in case a stray steer came by.

The car decided to cooperate again, so we started for Ashcroft. Every piece of grazing land on the surrounding hills (some of those hills looked like mountains) were dotted with brown and white steers. We began to feel very

Canim Lake- in the heart of Cariboo

hungry and thoughts of succulent steaks made us practically drool. In Ashcroft we bought two large steaks, some lettuce, bread, butter, coffee, cream and sugar. Ashcroft is a pretty town - although it does seem to be a very dry, warm spot. There are several lakes near there.

We stopped at Cache Creek for the night, stopping early so that we could cook the steak. I cooked the steaks and if I do say so myself, they lived up to our expectations. After supper we strolled around and talked to some of the people. There was a dance in Ashcroft that night, and most of the local people were going. Instead of us going to the dance we decided to go fishing after meeting two little boys who offered to lend us their fishing tackle. However we fished the stream that night without any luck. The boys told us that they had just moved to Cache Creek from Vancouver and they sure did like it. We had a nice refreshing shower and retired early.

After breakfast Sunday morning we were on the road again. Jack-pines with huge cones, ranch houses, fences, the odd man on a horse made quite a change in scenery. We seemed to arrive in Clinton in no time at all. While getting some gas, the attendant said that they'd really had a big time last night in the old hotel. Yes, he said, once a year in early May they have this big get-together of ranchers and old-timers from all the surrounding country. They dance until dawn and really have a good time. We were very sorry we'd missed it.

From Clinton we breezed along to 100-Mile House for lunch. Although the weather seemed cooler, and spring seemed rather behind in this part of the country, still it had its own rugged charm. 100-Mile House is quite a place, ranch house, sheep, geese, horses and pigs. It has real genuine cowboys too. A young army couple were running the guest house and dining-room that season. We gave our order for lunch which included pork-chops (and that was in the days when there were no pork-chops). While we were waiting, we strolled around the meadows, eyeing the sheep and geese. The cattle were all off some distance on the range. A Lord Martin Cecil owns this ranch which covers a vast territory. He lives

in his own quarters near by and personally manages the ranch end, so I was given to understand. In the fall, many visitors arrive from Vancouver and other places to go moose-hunting, as 100-Mile House is the centre of a great game country.

The dinner was very good and reasonable in price. We enjoyed talking to the young couple. She was washing the floor with a scrub brush while we ate. Her husband was cooking something in the kitchen. They worked and chatted away about the country. They'd both been to the Old-timers' Dance in Clinton the night before and had a lot of fun. We enjoyed our short stop with them.

Bill thought it was time to make some mileage. We drove past beautiful Lac La Hache and on through Williams Lake. In Williams Lake, we paused long enough to have a whiff of that fresh, stimulating air. We stopped for the night at Quesnel, in one of the hotels. This hotel seemed so luxurious and comfortable, bleached furniture in the rooms, spring-filled mattresses; and basins with running water. We certainly enjoyed removing the dust of the road. After an excellent supper in the cafe adjoining the hotel, we wandered around. Quesnel is a beautiful spot with the Fraser river running by its front door.

Monday, we were off on the trail again. We stopped on Cottonwood hill, on the Vancouver side of Prince George. Here we encountered a car and trailer stalled. A man and his wife and family were moving household equipment to the Okanagan. His trailer was really loaded and his car lacked the vim and vigor to make the hill. Bill and Jim turned around, and with some manoeuvring saw them safely to the top of the hill.

We had lunch in Prince George. The car needed gas and checking. We walked around and did some window shopping. Prince George looks as if its going to be a huge city some day. The stores are very smart and the garages look large and impressive. In one of the garages we ran into an old friend who advised Bill to sell his car and take the train home. Cars were scarce then and easy to sell. Bill said "Oh no, this car isn't for sale."

One of the better road-houses

The Fraser River near Prince George

"How do you think you're going to get your car home then?" said our friend.

"Maybe I'll ship it from Terrace."

"How are you going to get to Terrace?"

"On the road, of course!"

"What about the floods?"

"What floods?"

"All the travelling salesmen are leaving their cars here and going by rail. Freshets have flooded the road in some places, making it impossible

Spring rains flooded the roads, which necessitated being towed now and then.

for cars to get through."

"Gosh, where's this at?" said Jim.

"Between Endako and Smithers," answered our friend.

It sounded pretty bleak, but we decided to try and get through anyway. We left Prince George in a hurry and drove right to Endako before we stopped for supper. We were very hungry, and had a large meal in the small hotel there. The bartender in the small beer-parlour adjoining the dining-room was closing for the night because he had no customers.

We pushed on to Burns Lake after supper, just ran through water once but it wasn't bad. We stayed the night in the lodge there. It's certainly a nice place to stay.

Tuesday morning we had breakfast at the lodge with four travelling salesmen. They were complaining about the flood, having just come through it, and their thoughts concerning the country and the roads were quite uncomplimentary. When we said we hoped to make it through, one of them said, "You can't do it, you're nuts, bet you'll be back by noon. I came over that road yesterday and my car is in the garage."

Although we wouldn't have minded staying a day in Burns Lake and seeing all the many lakes around that we had not seen before, we decided we should at least make an effort to get through. So, leaving Burns Lake with doleful prophecies ringing in our ears, we drove west. We passed Decker Lake and then Topley. This is ranch country, rolling hills. Here we met a lady driving a frisky team of horses and a wagon. A little boy and girl were on the wagon- seemed like they were all going visiting for the day. The ranches are so far apart they start out for a visit early in the morning, and spend the day.

Between Topley and Houston we ran into flood waters. We took off our shoes and stockings, rolled up our trousers, and tried wading to see how deep it was. It was icy cold, so we abandoned that idea. Just then a car came toward us. The water covered quite a bit of it, but the driver made it through. He jumped out of the car, quite dishevelled. "What a trip," he said, "I'm going to Prince George and stay there. This country can go back to the mosquitoes."

He thought we could make it if we phoned Houston for a truck to come and tow us through. It isn't so hard on your engine if you're towed-- but he had to come through the last part on his choke and that's bad, so he said. Well, we were very pleased to take his advice. With his help we found the McInnis ranch, where they had a phone.

All we had to do now was sit in the blazing sun by the water-covered road and wait for the truck. The country was wild on both sides. However, Jim and I climbed over a hill, so we could take a picture of the car.

About two hours later the truck appeared and towed Bill's car, and another car that had opportunely arrived, across the flooded area. The water was over the floor-boards. It was wonderful to see the car across the water and to hear the engine start, and it was a relief to leave that bleak spot.

We set out for Houston, and enjoyed every moment of the ride. We just took the car for granted before -- but now we fully appreciated it. At Houston we

had lunch. A little past Houston we met more flooded road. This was supposed to be the last impassible spot. There was a car with salesmen on one side and we were on the other. The salesmen, usually so properly turned-out, looked peculiar with their pants rolled up to their knees, bare feet and in their shirt sleeves. They were muttering about the road and the country. I guess we looked queer to them too, in our bare feet and our trousers rolled up to our knees. This flooded piece of road wasn't so large. In fact, we didn't mind this one at all, after that other one. We cheerfully called to the salesmen, "Wait till you see the other spot."

A farmer came along just then, with two horses and wagon. We asked him if he would tow us across the water for five dollars.

"Wall, I don't know," he said, "that black horse is young and nervous and doesn't like cars."

We were a little surprised at the farmer's reluctance. I guess he was quite attached to his horses. Here Jim took over. He knew horses from his childhood. So he and the farmer had further discussion, and the farmer agreed to try to tow us across. He towed without any trouble and took the salesmen back on the return trip. We felt like an amphibious jeep would be the very thing for this country. However, in June, July, August and September the road is in good shape and quite easy to travel. This happened to be the wrong time of the year.

Once again we were riding along the open road. Half way between Houston and Telkwa, the car stopped of its own accord. There we spent two hours. However there seemed to be quite a bit of traffic passing, so it wasn't bad. I don't believe one car passed that didn't stop, and the driver soon had his head under the engine-hood, along with Jim and Bill. At one time, there were seven heads under the hood. The people were very friendly and helpful. One man had his wife with him, and she and I had a very nice chat about the country and the weather, while her husband had his head under the hood.

A government road truck and crew came along, going home to Telkwa, their day's work over. The driver stopped and put his head under the hood and in no time flat, the engine started to purr. We needed a little something-or-other at the garage in Telkwa before we'd be in A-one shape. The Public Works car stayed behind us all the way to Telkwa to make sure we'd make it. That was a case of pure christian charity and northern hospitality. There are some very fine people in that district.

We picked up what we needed in Telkwa and drove on to Smithers. There we decided to spend the night. We were relieved to have reached Smithers.

The next day, after a fine rest in one of the hotels, we started west again. The scenery here is very beautiful. The Buckley canyon, the tall mountains, the green-covered river banks have to be seen to be appreciated.

Around noon we came to Hazelton. We drove into Old Hazelton. There we bought some Totem Poles and moccasins for souvenirs. Old Hazelton has a mod-

Brother Bill and the bridge

Being towed across the snowslide at Kwinitsa(west of Terrace)- a new section of road now by-passes the slide area.

Prince Rupert, Canada's Northwestern port.

ern hotel, one of the nicest in the interior. The location of Hazelton, and the scenery around it appeals to artists, writers and such. The scenery is truly marvellous. The cottonwoods and alders growing with jungle-like thickness along the banks of the river, flanked by snow-capped mountains, make even the most unobservant exclaim.

From Hazelton we drove on to Terrace. The road wasn't in the best shape, so we had to drive slowly and carefully. Terrace looked good to us when at last we finally reached there. Bill was glad to have his car there too. "Boy," he said, "that was some trip."

Terrace is so named because it is built on a series of terraces. It's a fast-growing sawmill town.

About twelve miles from Terrace is beautiful Lakelse Lake. Situated here are the second largest hot-springs in Canada, as yet undeveloped.

We spent that night in Terrace. The next day we enquired about the road between Terrace and Prince Rupert. We learned that the snow-slide was still there, half way between Rupert and Terrace, but men were working on it. We'd come through so much, we thought we'd try the snow-slide. If we could not make it we could be back before train time.

The road between Terrace and Rupert was very familiar to us, we knew every curve, but delay stalked us. We were stopped near Shames. A truck with a tractor on it went through a small bridge. The road crew came out to fix it. The foreman figured they'd have the bridge fixed that day, and that we might have a chance to get over the snow-slide further on. So we stayed right there until they were finished, which was supper-time. We crossed the bridge, before anything else could happen to it, and drove down the road again.

Soon we were at the slide. We all got out of the car and walked around. We had a talk with the two men who were staying there, about the possibilities of crossing the slide. The man with the tractor said he'd give us a tow. Those words were music to our ears. (The snow-slide is no longer an obstacle, as a causeway has been built around it by the provincial government) However, we were towed across the snow-slide. It didn't seem possible that we'd got past that slide so easily. We'd been expecting trouble of some kind -- but thanks again to the kindness of the Government men we'd made it.

The scenery between the slide and Rupert is the most beautiful of all. That's what we think, anyway. The wide mouth of the Skeena opening out to the sea, seems to us to be the most beautiful spot in the world. We love the smell of the sea too. I said to the boys, "Smell those sea-breezes; we're near home."

We reached Rupert without any further mishaps. The city was dressed in one of its flaming sunsets. It looked pretty good to us. Bill was very thankful to have his car back in Rupert. "It's a wonder we made it," he said. "I didn't think we would."

The Bridge River Valley where uranium-laden Gun Creek joins it 10 miles below Goldbridge

URANIUM - (like gold) - Is Where You Find It

- In B. C. it was found in the Bridge River Country -

by Bill Gill

old is an almost forgotten word in the Cariboo's Bridge River Valley. Uranium, newest and most vital of all metals in today's atomic age, now fills the talk and dreams of Cariboo men.

In the spring of 1948 the mining men of Cariboo shook their heads. Gold, with labor costs mounting and selling price fixed, was a losing proposition. By September of 1948 new hope and a new career came to the Bridge River valley with the discovery of uranium on Roxey creek, 15 miles from the sleepy town of Gold Bridge.

To tiny, false-fronted Gold Bridge, 120 miles north of Vancouver, the uranium find was truly atomic. Born and built in the gold-hungry rush of the middle 1930's, Gold Bridge was a ghost town by 1939. Not until the recent arrival of construction workers for the new La Joie Falls power dam nearby did the town become alive again.

But construction men move on; uranium, like gold, is locked in the earth. To mine-minded Gold Bridge the uranium find assured the town's destiny. So sure of this was Gold Bridge

Uranium prospectors with Deputy Mining Recorder Emerald McNeil in front of the Gold-Pan Cafe. Owner of the cafe, Mrs. Bertha Stickney, was later murdered to add further excitement to the uranium boom town.

that in the middle of the uranium rush, townsfolk called a school meeting to plan another classroom.

Even in the lean years some grizzled prospectors had hung on. Determined old-timers like Bill Haylmore, Grant White and Danny Hamilton refused to lose faith in the valley they had prospected since 1896. A gleaming, three and one-half pound instrument called a Geiger Counter confirmed their faith. The $135 electronic hearing aid picks up the cosmic rays broadcast by radio-active ore. When the flashlight-shaped probe is placed near any of the raw material for atom bombs, the disintegrating atoms set the machine chattering like a scalded cricket. Only since March, 1948, could private individuals use the war-developed gadget. Even now all uranium ore must go to the Canadian government. The fixed price of $2.75 a pound for 10 per cent uranium ore works out to the fabulous figure of $5,500 a ton. Medium-grade gold ore may bring $55 a ton.

The change came one Saturday night late in August. In Gold Bridge's Royal Hotel beer saloon, the smoke-filled room of tipplers suddenly hushed. A late-comer hoarsely announced, "They found uranium at the Gem! I heard it on the radio!"

The report credited Ernie Johnson, 35 year old veteran prospector, with the first discovery of uranium in British Columbia. In a three-day trip Johnson had found the precious radio-active metal exactly where he expected it, on Roxey creek, along with cobalt and nickel in pegmatite dykes.

Meanwhile in Vancouver the Chamber of Mines was demonstrating a geiger counter. Over a dusty sample of Roxey creek ore, the counter suddenly began spitting staccato sounds into the surprised ears of the visitors. The word spread quietly. Minerology graduate Andy Seraphim hot-footed it with a counter to where the sample came from. Also in the district was skilful prospector Len Belliveau who teamed with boxer Babe Belanger to comb the country with a counter.

Johnson's premature announcement caught the other two parties unexpectedly. Their work still incomplete, they promptly staked where they were.

Only an atom bomb itself could have caused a greater furore in the dazed town.

By moonlight 73-year-old Joe Russell left for the hills. His son Len followed closely with a pack train as the pair determined to re-stake some of their former claims. In a fever of activity the town blazed with fortune hunters in an uproar of excitement.

Without sleeping bags, heavy boots or proper equipment, greenhorns and professional mining men rushed through

Mining Expert W.J. Asselstine, British Columbia's former minister of mines, checks over his uranium claims with Emerald McNeil, pretty Deputy Mining Recorder for the ghost town that blossomed into a full-size boom town with news of the uranium strike.

heavy rain to stake their claims. Without Geiger counters neither amateur nor experienced bush campaigner had any advantage. A few prospectors like Ernie Howard knew what they were looking for; most were like storekeeper Einer Frykberg who claimed his chances ''were as good as anybody's'' The rush was on and Lady Luck was Queen.

Another lady ruled in Gold Bridge. Full fury of the rush broke over the upswept hair-do of green-eyed Emerald McNeil. Every summer for the past six years Emerald deputized for sub-mining recorder William Haylmore away in the hills. As postmistress, telegraph operator, insurance agent, grub-staker and orchestra leader in Gold Bridge, it was just another job to Emerald. That was until the uranium news broke. Frantic amateurs kept Emerald awake for two nights as they banged on her door demanding miners' certificates and aluminum claim tags.

In the riotous claim-staking binge that followed, the town's population dwindled as men and women left for Roxey creek. The women that were left played pool to keep from talking about uranium. Twice Emerald ran out of claim tags but not out of customers. Samples of uranium ore littered her tiny office and were passed from hand to hand in the beer parlour.

Taxi driver Johnny Le Comte headed his hack into the bush as far as it would go, hiked above Jewel creek and staked his full limit of eight claims. Old-timer Paddy Ryan snorted ''Those damn geranium hunters is crazy; they're staking moose pasture.''

By the time the first prospectors were getting back to register their claims, fresh amateurs were arriving from ''outside'' in every motor stage-coach. Taximen Joe Fouty and Mel Sherlock knew that if a float-plane circled Gold Bridge more than once, one of Joe's cabs would rush up to Gun Lake to bring down the latest air arrival.

Dust, beer, trucks and rumours moved freely in the town. Miners thirsty for wealth came into town for grub-stakes and the latest uranium gossip.

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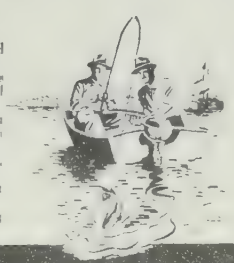
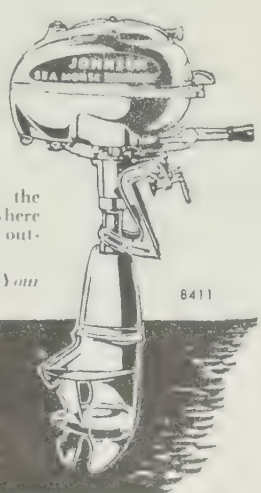
Never carry loaded gun in moving boat





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Uranium prospectors like Paddy Ryan flocked to the tiny office of postmistress Emerald McNeil to pick up aluminum claim tags and rush to the atom-ore diggings. Ryan, a 74-year-old prospector, has spent 40 years hunting precious metals in the Cariboo.

Truck drivers used their days off to hurry into the diggings and stake claims. Accountants, timekeepers, cooks and summer students at the construction camp became Sunday prospectors to rush in and out on Mt. Penrose and stake wherever was handy.

In Victoria, B.C.'s Deputy Minister of Mines Dr. J.F. Walker, warned uranium hunters not to risk their lives going into the diggings without guides or proper equipment. Jovial Jack O'Shaugnessy swore no Valley man would want a claim in the new find. On a hot Sunday he took a panting party of tenderfeet across the mountains up to the 6,000 foot level of the claims. Edwin Phillips, who gave up prospecting to feed construction workers, was badly bitten by the uranium bug. While the construction camp clamoured for potatoes, Edwin drove his truck over the abandoned Gun creek trail and staked his claims.

Food ran out too at the Gold-Pan cafe in Gold Bridge. Proprietress Bertha Stickney, a buxom, cheerful woman who had mushed over the Yalakom trail celebrated by inviting everyone in for a free feed. Less than a month later Bertha lay dead, the victim of an axe murder. Talk in Gold Bridge was that a disputed uranium claim caused the slaying.

Death also came to prospector Thomas Taylor who died in the centre of the uranium strike. The 68-year-old sourdough's sturdy heart failed as he climbed a rock slide en route from the Whitewater country to Gold Bridge. Buried in the town's ''Boot Hill'' cemetery, Taylor never knew he had been on the scene of Johnson's discovery.

Later the maze of claim stakes ran up the mountainside like a newly-peeled picket fence. The jumble of claims is still a long and severe headache for the Lillooet mining recorder who must sort out and map the ground, much of it staked several times. All the area had been well covered in the early gold rush. Some claims were crown granted but could be picked up for taxes; others had expired. No one was very sure if they had a valid title or not.

Within a week of Johnson's announcement, one new company was already formed. An American syndicate became interested and announced it would develop the property held by Johnson and his promoter-partner Egil Lorntzsen. The carefree, slap-happy boom was over.

Close-mouthed government officials would say only that the radio-active ore was uranite, a rare and valuable

Cariboo Pack Train bound for the Uranium strike on the slopes of Mt. Dickson, 9250 ft.(left) Pack train belongs to Cariboo veterans, Joe Russell 73, tough and grizzled prospector (left) and his son Len, 43, who has been prospecting the Cariboo with his father since he was 15. The Russels hit uranium in their Gun Creek property 15 miles from Gold Bridge.

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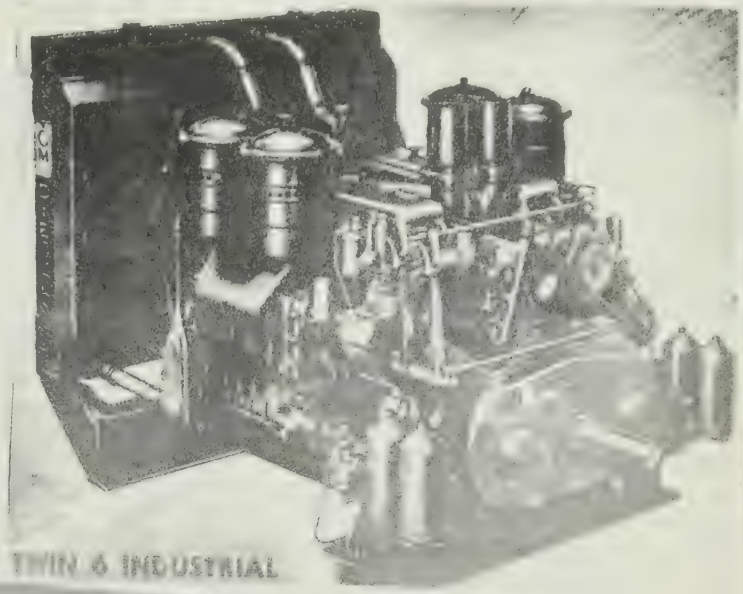

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Up, Up, Up, to QUESNEL

by Mary Agnes Perry

Twenty-five years ago, I heard that within a few hours of Vancouver, British Columbia, the Pacific Great Eastern Railway offered extraordinary scenic beauty at a minimum of expense. Last summer, finally, I took a trip on this unusual railroad.

In Vancouver we boarded a Union Line steamship. A delightful three-hour boat trip up Howe Sound brought us to Squamish Dock, where the train was waiting. Despite its imposing name, the Pacific Great Eastern has been dubbed "Toonerville Trolley," "Please Go Easy," and "Prince George Eventually." Our train had narrow berths, plush-trimmed lavatories, and brass fold-away lamps. Of the thirteen cars, three were sleeping cars and one was an open observation car for us "Tour A" passengers. Riding outdoors by day, we enjoyed the sun and air and scenery, and made pleasant contacts.

In the late '50's and early '60's, indomitable men forged their way into the Cariboo country in search of gold. Many were successful. Some went into business. Today the imaginative traveler envisions those early settlers trekking over the route which the railroad now follows.

In a day's time, the climate ranged from the healthful salt breezes of the Pacific to the invigorating air of the dry belt; from the calm, coastal atmosphere to winds crisp with the feeling of snow. The Pacific Great Eastern cuts a cross section of British Columbia, from fiords to Cariboo goldfields, from rich deltas to rolling cattle country.

The train clings to the edge of precipices, with streams and cataracts far below, and snow-capped mountain peaks as a background. There are curves and tunnels, and for fifteen miles the

Seton Lake

Crossing bridge Mile 18

URANIUM - concluded

crystal form of pitchblende. Government geologists began a detailed survey of the region. Quantity and quality of the atom energy fuel is a closely-guarded secret.

Some scoff, but many believe that the Bridge river atom deposits are just the beginning of widespread discoveries of radio-active ore in Canada's north.

In the growth of Canada and British Columbia, Cariboo gold played a vital and important part. Cariboo uranium may hold the key to even greater things.

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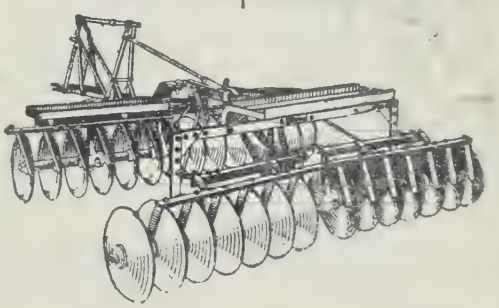

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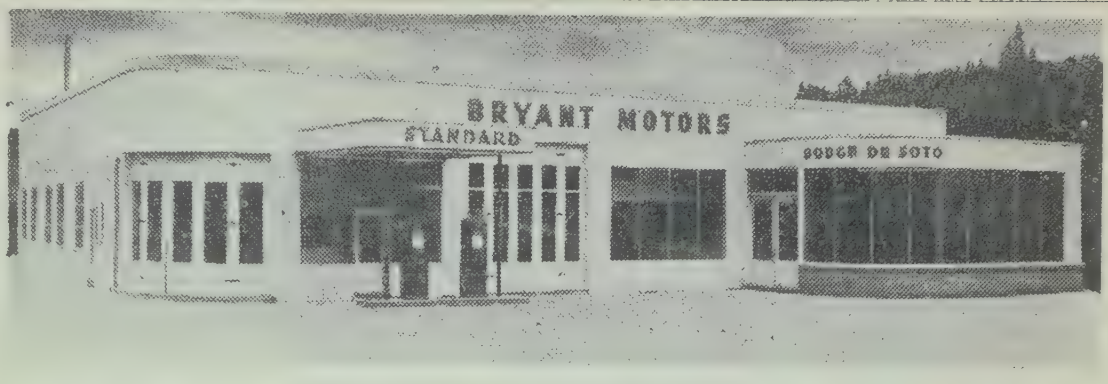

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scenery of two majestic mountain lakes, Anderson and Seton.

Between Cheakamus Canyon and Garibaldi Park there are four hundred square miles of snow-clad mountain peaks; alpine meadows carpeted with colorful flowers; great glaciers; and sylvan lakes.

Of all the cataracts, we are least likely to forget Brandywine Falls, which drop a sheer two hundred feet.

The mighty Fraser River and the massive canyon it has carved are incomparably beautiful as viewed from the railroad in its climb from Lillooet to Kelly Lake, entrance to the ranch and cattle country.

We passed Williams Lake, center of the cattle industry, a few hours before arriving at Quesnel, the railroad terminus. Quesnel, population 2,000, was named in 1808 for Sir Maurice Quesnel, a first lieutenant and close friend of Simon Fraser. The town has featured largely in the history of the Cariboo, particularly since the discovery of gold at the mouth of the Quesnel River in 1859...

I have left to last the aspect of the trip which appealed to me most--human nature. There was a charming couple from Wells, British Columbia, returning from a holiday; another couple, from Portland, Oregon, celebrating their forty-third wedding anniversary; a former WAC: a pleasant secretary from Victoria; a bride and groom; a young mother with two children; and irrepressible "Bud," full of spirits, who entertained us with gymnastic feats.

One of the "youngest" persons I met was Billy Lyons--born eighty-one years earlier at Williams Lake. He was returning from a visit to his grandchildren in Vancouver, and was bringing his great-granddaughter back with him. He was an example of the stuff of which pioneers are made.

As for the train crew, they treated us not just as passengers but as guests. There was handsome Ian, with his delightful Scotch accent, who changed from sleeping-car conductor to porter at 8:00 P.M.; diminutive Stanley, the steward; Homer and George, ex-G.I.'s from Australia, who served as waiters; the "chef's kid"; the "section boss's kid"; and numerous other helpers. They shared with us their pride and pleasure in Pacific Great Eastern, which everywhere in northern British Columbia is "our railroad."

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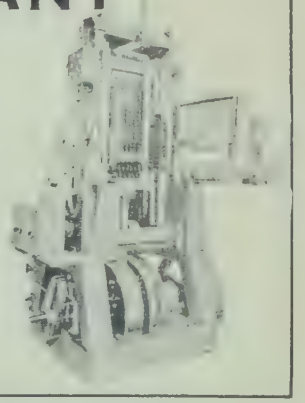

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More Facts- On B. C's. Biggest Canoe

The Editor,
Cariboo and Northern B.C. Digest,
Quesnel, B.C.

Dear Sir:

I was most interested in reading an article by Mr. E. M. Cotton, entitled "Last Voyage of B.C. Largest Canoe".

I feel that the following account will throw some light on the history of this canoe, and a similar one.

During the season of 1906, I was in charge of a Grand Trunk Preliminary Survey Party between Tete Juane Cache and as far down the stream of the Fraser river as we could reach. We left Kamloops as soon as feed was available for the pack horses, and followed the old C.P.R. trail to Tete Juane Cache, which we reached in 52 days of hard trail work and the loss of 13 pack horses in the high waters of the North Thompson, Albreda and Canoe Rivers. Our supplies reached us by pack train from Edmonton which took 31 days to Tete Juane Cache.

It was deemed impossible to use horses on the Fraser due to the lack of feed, so we made large rafts and dug-out canoes and worked down stream.

In September and October our supplies were to have come up stream from Fort George, in care of R. Boucher (late Sheriff of Prince George). He found it impossible to get Indians to take the scows past the Grand Canyon and advised me in November that we would have to freight our own supplies from this point.

Being out of grub, clothes, tobacco etc., in early November, with the ice creeping further from shore each morning, it was decided to pack out.

We were camped some 20 to 25 miles below the Goat River Rapids on a large cottonwood point. All hands were put to work and two of the largest cottonwood trees felled, flattened and dug out sufficiently to float our crew and equipment. Some Indians who were hunting Beaver in the vicinity were hired as guides, also to help us through the Grand Canyon. The two canoes were green cottonwood hollowed only sufficiently to float our load. We propelled them by oars with sweeps in each end. We had a fair trip to Fort George where the canoes were left with the Hudson Bay Company, as they proved too large for river work and I later heard that they were used for freighting on the lakes by the Hudson Bay Company.

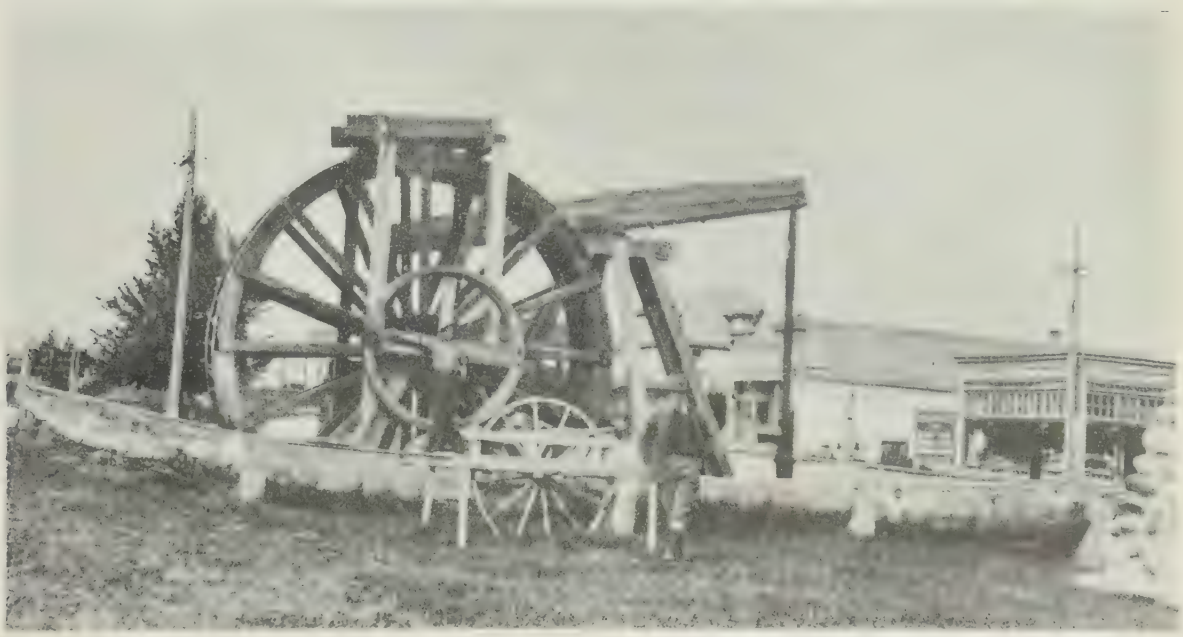
We proceeded to Quesnel where we arrived on November 15th. We had to portage over the whirlpool of Fort George Canyon, which was covered with ice.

We then went forward to Ashcroft by the old B.X. Express, on the later swing stages, so completing a very interesting circle of Central B.C.

I thought these old memoirs might be of interest, and might be called the "First Voyage of the Largest Cottonwood Dug-out Canoes of B.C."

I sincerely hope, if you can spare the space in your paper for this article, that some of the men in my old party may read the same and get in communication with me through it.

J.M. Rolston
Divisional Engineer , P.W.D.
Dawson Creek, B.C.



Cottonwood log-lengths from Cariboo in the mill yard. In the backround is the chipper.

From Log to Plywood

by Emelene Thomas

Across the wooden bridge that spans the Fraser river at Quesnel rumbles a truck, loaded with cottonwood logs from the camp in the woods. Good logs these, grown in the Cariboo, and now on the first leg of a journey that will take them to the Western Plywood mill, on the same river over which they have just crossed, but many many miles beyond their starting point.

The truck follows the winding road to the loading strip on the P.G.E. railway, where the logs are loaded on a flat-car, made secure, and presently with much creaking begin the second section of their journey.

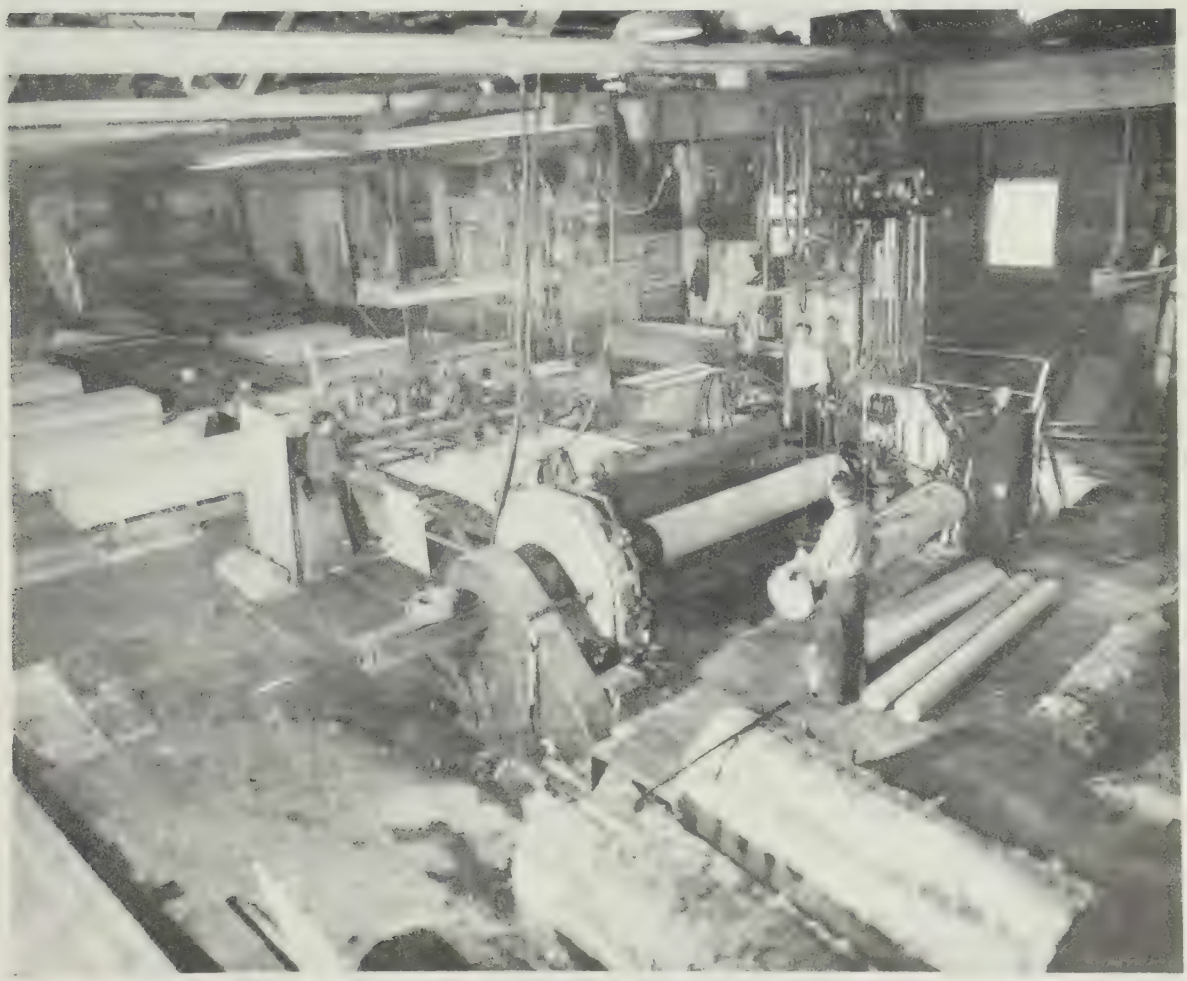
The long, jolting trip from Quesnel to Squamish accomplished, the logs are dumped into the waters of Howe Sound. Here they are boomed, then, towed by a sturdy tug, make their way southwards to the open sea. Round Point Grey they go, and up the North Arm of the Fraser to the lower end of Twigg Island, at which point they swing into the narrow arm on the northern side and push on through the swift water. Or it may be that with the tide out and the water too shallow, they continue up the deeper channel of the North Arm to the upper end of Mitchell Island above Twigg, turn, and come

down the narrow channel with the current. Steadily they move on, until they come in sight of the wide buildings of Western Plywood, high on the bank, where they will undergo a series of changes that will bring them to their ultimate destination -- fine, fabricated panels of plywood for interior finishing and modern furniture.

The tug eases them into position a short distance upstream from the mill. Here they rock gently in the gray water, biding their time, until word is passed around, "Cutting Cottonwood today!"

On the bank hard by the boom, a small, covered shed, open to the river houses an electrically-operated drag-saw, and here begins for the logs their great adventure. Into place comes a log, up against the piling, and held firmly in place beneath the saw. The saw bites through, cutting it into required lengths, 102" for an eight-foot panel, 90" for a seven-foot, 70 - 72" for five and a half, and 54" for cross-banding.

As the lengths are cut they float downwater into a pocket. There is a regular network of these watery waiting rooms, each variety of timber having its own special pocket, closed to alien logs. Through the open gateway of the cottonwood pocket, or poplar, as the coast people have it, our Cariboo logs slide. Presently a chunky log is urged out into the raceway, a narrow hallway of water, down which it floats to the pond. By skyline it is lifted out and deposited dripping on dry land or dropped into a small, artificial pond and then guided up a wooden flume to within reach of the electric hoist. The hoist hovers over it, reaches down, hooks clasp it strongly and the log is swung over between the barker spindles. The steel points of the spindles press hard into both ends of the log, the hooks are released and swing up out of the way, the log be-



Lathe and clipper - with debarked logs in the foreground.

gins to revolve. Operated like the dragsaw by electricity, the barker shears the bark from the revolving log, the operator's carriage moving slowly along its length as the barker cuts and the chips fly. Round goes the log shedding its bark into a conveyor which carries it up to the boiler-house for fuel. The bark removed, the log is brought to a standstill, the gripping spindles released, and the debarked log, white and naked-looking, bumps down a ramp onto a conveyor, bound for the lathe. As the barker works more quickly than the lathe, the log is sometimes rolled off the conveyor and stacked onto a reserve pile. The one we are following, however, passes right along to the lathe, is worked into position, and once again is gripped by spindles. Both electricity and steam come into play at the lathe, the spindles being controlled electrically and steam powering the lathe. The operator hones the long knife until satisfied as to its keenness, then steps to his place and starts the log spinning. The knife presses down and a continuous, thin sheet of wood rolls off, like a roll of waxed paper being pulled out, until there is left only a core of approximately eight inches diameter. This core is pulled away to a buzz-saw at the side, there to be cut into pieces and shipped to a local paper mill.

As the floppy sheet rolls out from under the lathe-knife an edge-trimmer snips off the ragged edges, the trimmings falling into a conveyor and thence passing to the hog to be utilized as fuel. The endless, trimmed sheet travels along a belt to the clipper, where it meets the eye of the clipperman, watching it for flaws or splits. The press of a button and a knife cuts across, slicing off the damaged section; if there are no flaws the operator turns a switch and the sheet is automatically clipped into fifty-five inch lengths, or widths, really. Sheets and waste clippings move along the green-chain, the waste right to the end, falling into a container and in due time turning up in the chipper, where it is ground up, spilled by chute into a freight car, and sent rolling off to a mill south of the border to be reformed into book-paper. In the meantime the sheets are lifted off the green-chain and stacked in piles according to their category -- sheets, components, and fish-tails. A stack, cold and damp to touch, is piled on a dolly. Hardly is it settled there when a jeep swooshes up, deftly picks up the load, swooshes off to the dryer-elevator, and neatly sets it down again. The dryer, a high, heavy piece of machinery, has four openings, each taking only one thickness, but accomodating three widths, making a dozen sheets all told. In the dryer the wet sheets are subjected to terrific heat, 300 - 310 degrees for a thirty-minute do, or 330 - 340 for seventeen minutes.

Spewed forth from the dryer, the hot sheets come up to the grader for inspection. Graded into fronts, backs, and cross-bandings, their next stop is at the patchers. Fascinating little machines, these, playing a game of take-and-put-back with all that comes their way. At the first, the operator punches out knots or defects; at the second another operator, using a pressure-foot that gives an eighty-pound pressure, puts exactly-fitting patches in the holes made by number one. The patches, of uniform shape and size, are the product of a Globe Patch-Cutter set off in a corner by itself, a bit snobbish, knowing that it handles only perfect material.

But to get back to the grader, where the thin slices are sorted into their respective piles. Perfect sheets are taken over to the gluespreader, where we will leave them until the others catch up. These (any that haven't parallel edges) are transferred by dolly and jeep to the reclip. Each sheet is laid along a table marked in narrow lines, then torn bits are cut off in full-length strips, narrowing the width of the panel in consequence. A slow, meticulous process, it is perhaps the most expensive in proportion to production.

From the reclip the narrowed sheets move to the nearby jointer in preparation for an increase in width. Piled to a height of six inches, they are first planed smooth along the edge, then spread with glue along the length of the six-inch edging. A bit to the side stands a sort of serving table,

Finished plywood panels.

on which the sheets are laid ready for the edge-gluer. From this serving table two sheets are lifted singly to the edge-gluer, their sticky edges not quite together. The two panels move forward, their sides drawn tightly together by chains operating exactly as a zipper does.

Moving forward, the now wide sheets are guided into a saw which cuts them into standard widths of 51 inches. Off the rollers they go and on to another from which they are piled in pairs. Close at hand is the glue-spreader, next stop for the paired sheets. Similar to the wringer on a washing machine, the gluespreader has a continuous flow of glue coating its rollers. One of the perfect sheets, which has been waiting ever since it came over from the grader, is placed in position on a platform on the finishing side of the wringer. Through the rollers passes a fishtail, to be used as a cross-banding core. Slathered with glue on both sides, it is set with the grain running at opposites on top of the dry sheet. Another dry sheet is then placed on it, like three thin slices of bread with filling between. There it is, a three-ply panel, not finished yet, but well on its way. This wooden sandwich is then borne off to the hot-press and with other sandwiches placed on the elevator. The elevator, with its load of sandwiches and two men, rises even with the top opening, then slowly descends as the men push the sandwiches one by one into each of the fifteen openings. Hydraulic rams squeeze the press-plates together, and the heat treatment, applied at 235 degrees with a pressure of 62.5 lbs.per square foot, begins. When the stipulated time is up the presses are released and out come the panels through the ''front door''on to a rack. Previously sloppy,

damp, and cold, they are now firm, hot, and dry. Trundled away once more, they are stacked and left to cool for twenty-four hours.

The following day the cooled panels are dollied to a moving track to meet the panel-saw, which squares them across the width, the waste as before going into fuel. The panels, now 96 by 48, are next re-sawed along their length, and at last are perfect in shape. But there is still work to be done, so they move onward to the patching-line. Here minute holes are picked out and the spaces filled with plastic wood, an odorous concoction also known as sanding-filler. With their perfume strong in the nostrils, they are sent away for another twenty-four hour rest.

The third day finds the panels travelling to the sander, and what a going-over they get there from the three sets of sandpaper-covered rollers, coarse, medium, and fine, that make up the drum-sander! The topside being thoroughly treated, the panel is turned over as it slides along, and the reverse side sanded by a twin machine. Grading follows -- five grades and a cutback. One would think that by now the panels must surely be perfect, but with all their treatment some are still slightly uneven in surface, and so must be sent to the belt-sander for a final massage, until there is not the slightest suspicion of roughness.

At last, the metamorphosis is complete! The finished panels, smooth and white, are piled on dunnage in lots of three, five, and seven-ply. Look closely at a seven-ply, the different layers easily discernible on the cross-edge. A face of cottonwood, a crossband of the same, then a sheet of fir; a centre, or core, of cottonwood, then fir again; another crossband of cottonwood and the underface or back of cottonwood, a combination that makes for perfection in plywood.

The log which began its journey in the woods of Cariboo was a thing of strong, roughhewn beauty. Subjected to numerous indignities, cut up, put together again, baked and chilled, it is stronger and more durable than ever, possessed of a new type of beauty. Perfect in balance and structure, holding within themselves the grace of the sun and the assurance born of long years of slow, deliberate growth, the finished panels go out the wide doors of Western Plywood to take their rightful high place in the world of wood products.

Cottonwood from the Cariboo -- it has come into its own.

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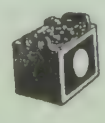

PRINCE GEORGE, B.C.

Main Street - Telkwa - 1912. Buildings on the right burnt to the ground and were never rebuilt. Behind them flows the Bulkley River.

When Telkwa Was Young

by Nellie R. Campbell

No matter where one goes he will still find a few of those men who possessed the spirit of adventure and were in the country long before steel was laid. This is the story of one of those pioneer settlers and...Telkwa.

Perhaps had we not gone to see our nearest neighbor before leaving Prince George for our summer holidays, we would never have heard of Jack McNeil and those early days in the Bulkley Valley.

Telkwa...the name brought back to him memories of those days when he had taken a pack train over the Telegraph-Yukon trail from Old Hazelton to Aldermere, the small settlement that had sprung up on the hill not far from the present site of Telkwa.

It was nearly night and darkness was fast falling over the few log buildings that made up the town. At that time Jack McNeil and his partner Lem Broughton had a small store in part of the shack they occupied. Jack Dorsey, who had walked across country from the Nass, was staying with them. On his way he had captured two wolf cubs. Fortunately one of them had died, but the other one had grown into a huge, shaggy animal, most devoted to his master but equally antagonistic toward strangers.

As George Swanston dismounted from his horse before their cabin door, the wolf leaped at him --hair bristling, lips curled back showing cruel fangs. Well, a wolf is a wolf, and there are times when discretion is the better part of valor. Although Swanston was a powerful man, strong and well built, he knew instinctively that this was one of those times. One jump and he was back in the saddle and his horse's hooves were thundering down the trail. That night he made camp at Tyee Lake and, after the weary pack animals had been unloaded and turned out to

A short distance up the hill behind Telkwa was the now-abandoned town of Aldermere, shown above The car shown in the photo was the first to make its appearance in the Bulkley valley and was brought into the valley by the man behind the wheel, George Wall, who today operates a taxi service in Smithers,.

graze, he returned to his friend's cabin making sure that the wolf was securely chained before dismounting a second time.

The story goes that Dorsey later took his wolf west and won considerable money by pitting him against fighting dogs all up and down the coast. However, his money soon went for at one time finances were at such a low ebb that he was forced to pawn the wolf to get money to return home. It was Guy Farrow that later loaned him enough to return to Seattle for his wolf.

At one time Dorsey went on a short trip leaving the wolf chained at home. After three days and nights there seemed little possibility of the wolf following his master so he was turned loose. Immediately the animal took up the scent and was away. It was toward dusk that the wolf reached an Indian's cabin where Dorsey had put up for the night. At the sight of the huge wolf racing toward his cabin, the Indian fired. It was a good shot. Dorsey's wolf was dead.

Deeply interested, we listened to the tales of those days long before the steel was laid and goods must be brought in by pack train from the wharf at Old Hazelton to Aldermere.

"When you folks get to Telkwa, be sure to go to see Jack McNeil." We had promised our neighbor that we would.

Our tent was pitched on the bank of the Bulkley River about two miles from the town of Telkwa. Just as soon as our summer camp had been made shipshape, we started out to find Jack McNeil -- but Jack McNeil was dead. The funeral was to be held that afternoon.

Jack McNeil had been born in the state of Maine but his father had moved to Washington and from there gone into the Yukon. McNeil was about thirty years of age in 1906 when he made his way from the north into Aldermere. Always shrewd and sharp at driving a bargain, he and his partner had prospered from the very first. At that time their store was small. All necessary supplies were brought up the coast from Vancouver to the Skeena

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The Bulkley River at Telkwa, in flood time.

river and then up the Skeena to Old Hazelton. From there pack-trains transported the goods across country over narrow trails.

Then news reached Aldermere that the Grand Trunk Pacific was extending its railroad to the west coast. Construction was to begin at both ends -- the western crew starting at Prince Rupert would work east and the eastern crew starting at Tete Juane Cache would work west. The golden spike would be driven where the two crews met.

Railroad construction was not easy in those days. There was no modern earth-moving machinery. The country was rough. There were mountains to tunnel through and rivers to span. With the prospect of train service to Aldermere, McNeil and Broughton put up a large log store, a new hotel, and a fine livery barn. The pack trail was widened so that heavy freight wagons could bring in the goods piled up on the wharf at Old Hazelton to the new store at Aldermere. It was George Swanston and Ed McBeth that were hired to drive these heavily loaded wagons through that sparsely settled country.

Great excitement reigned in the town when an automobile arrived one day in 1910. It had reached the west well in advance of the steel. It's driver was carrying a letter from the Mayor of Seattle to the Mayor of Hazelton. What did it matter if Hazelton could not boast of a Mayor at that time?...the townspeople would do just as well.

Up the old Cariboo road it had come to the Stony Creek trail, then west. Things went well until the town of Stella was reached, but there the trail dwindled to a bare three feet in width. The driver had started for Hazelton -- still many miles to the west. There was a letter to be delivered and such a little thing as a trail far too narrow could never stop the "Pathfinder." The folding top was quickly removed, then nuts unscrewed until the car lay in pieces that could be packed on horses. She was going through. At Burns Lake the trail widened so the car was reassembled and went merrily on its way.

To the people of Aldermere, the arrival of the "Pathfinder" was an important event. The town turned out en masse and the visitors were given a royal welcome. The banquet that followed is still talked about by the old-timers. Over the rough road that led ever west went the Ford on its way to Hazelton. Later it returned over the same route bringing a letter of Good Will from the folk of Hazelton to the Mayor of Seattle.

One might think that after such a jaunt, the usefulness of that early car would be at an end but not so. In 1930, twenty years later, the "Path-

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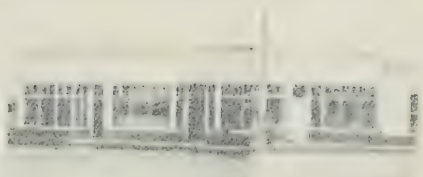

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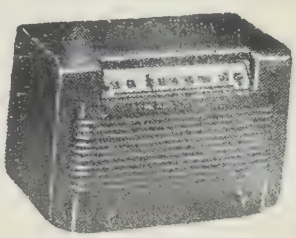

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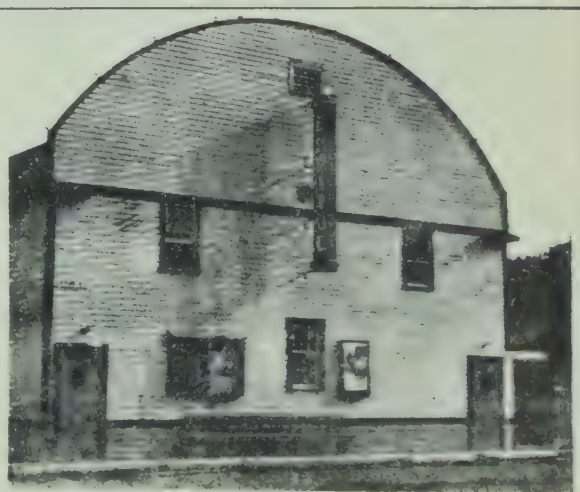

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WHITEHORSE — YUKON — CANADA

First through train from the east over the G.T.P., Sept. 3rd, 1916. Photo shows train approaching Telkwa station.

finder'' again made the trip from Seattle to Hazelton. The old Ford led a caravan of cars up the Cariboo road to Prince George and then west to Hazelton on a tour of Good Will.

Mail service proved to be quite a problem in those early days. Like all other supplies the mail must be brought in over the trail from Hazelton. In 1906 Gabriel Lecrouix, an Indian who had settled in the fertile valley near Round Lake, undertook to bring the mail on pack-horses once each month.

Mail day became quite an event as settlers from as far as thirty miles east as well as from the west, came into Aldermere for supplies as well as for mail. Then one day the two pack-horses arrived, one dragging a battered oil can and the other a sack of His Majesty's Mail, but Gab was not with them. A search was made for him and he was found at the end of the lake peacefully sleeping off the effects of too much liquor.

Something must be done so Gabriel was obliged to sub-let his contract to another Indian. All might have been well had it not been for a bear. One mail day the settlers arrived from east and west but there was no mail. The hours slipped by until someone from the west said that the mail bags were hanging in a tree at Canyon Creek. It was here that the mail carrier and a friend had encountered a bear on the trail. Who ever heard of going on a bear hunt with two heavy sacks of mail? The only logical thing to do was to hang them up in a tree while he and his friend pursued the bear. The animal proved to be much larger than they had anticipated. It was much too difficult to pack the meat out to the trail so there was only one thing to do -- camp beside the carcass until they had had their fill of bear meat.

The next mail carrier was a white man. Jack Seely carried the mail east from Hazelton and as far as is known he never once was lured from the path of duty either by bears or strong drink.

Before steel was laid there were very few cattle in the country. It was impossible to bring meat in from the west so McNeil and his partner solved the problem of supplying fresh meat to their customers by bringing in cattle from the country around Williams Lake. Each year Lem Broughton started east on his big saddle horse named Chief, accompanied by his faithful collie dog Cap. They followed the Cariboo road south to the cattle country. There Lem bought cattle which he drove back over the trail. A wave of his hand would send Cap racing ahead to some side trail. There he would stand, not allowing any animal to leave the main trail. If the dog became leg weary he seemed to know that he was at liberty to ride and a sudden leap would take him into the saddle in

Telkwa valley. In the hill in the background are buried the coal deposits which have been the community's mainstay for years and which are due for large-scale development in the near future as operations expand to meet the requirements of the 25 million dollar Japanese plant being built at Prince Rupert.

front of his master, but after a few miles in the saddle he was always willing to herd cattle once more. It is said that Lem Broughton never lost a steer on the long journey from the Chilcotin to Aldermere. If Cap sometimes chanced to round up a few extra head on these long trips -- well, he, Lem, could hardly be blamed could he? The steers were kept on McNeil's home ranch a few miles from Aldermere and butchered when needed so there was always fresh meat at Broughton and McNeil's.

It was 1913 before the first train came over the newly made road. The railroad had followed the flats along the river banks so the point where the milky-white waters of the Telkwa river come tumbling into the swiftly moving Bulkley was chosen as the new townsite. Gradually the town moved from Aldermere on the hill to Telkwa by the river. That same year McNeil bought out his partner's share of the business but retained the old firm name of Broughton and McNeil. In the spring of 1915 he built a large corrugated iron store-building and warehouse on the main street of the new town.

McNeil's activities were not confined wholly to the management of his store. He seems to have been one of those men who are ready to embark on any venture as long as there is a prospect of a good profit. While the railroad was under construction, thousands of railroad ties were needed and McNeil contracted to supply them. For a while he operated a coal mine a few miles out of town.

When he sold the stock in his store at the beginning of the depression, he invested in horses and cattle and moved onto his home ranch. The last years of his life was spent between his ranch and the home he owned close to Smithers.

Jack McNeil had made money in the Bulkley Valley -- but he left it in the valley -- to the man who had run his ranch for years -- to the woman who had cooked for him each haying season -- to the lad who lived with him and went to High School -- to the hospital in Smithers.

The summer was over. We had rolled up our tent and broken camp. We were leaving Telkwa. "When you get to Telkwa be sure to go to see Jack McNeil." What tales he might have told of Aldermere and those days when the country was still young. With the passing of each of these pioneer settlers many

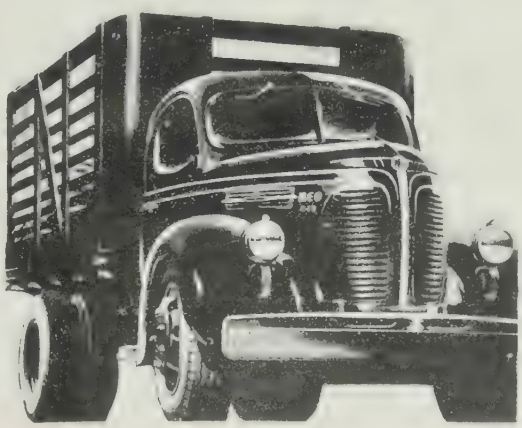
The attractive main street of present day Telkwa.

stories are lost forever. They are gone -- never to be written.

We were just too late to meet Jack McNeil, but we did meet several of those early settlers who had come into the country several years ahead of the steel and had played their part in the building of the town.

We will always remember the beauty of that western town built on the bank of the Bulkley river. We will often picture the foaming white water of the Telkwa tumbling down the mountainside from the melting glacier above and churning over jagged rocks as it spills into the Bulkley. We will see again and again the snow-capped mountain peaks that rise so majestically in the distance and that never failed to thrill us each day. We will see in memory the fertile farms on the slopes of those green hills that surround the town. Nor will we forget the sweet smell of the new-mown hay as we rode along its country roads. And its people ---how can we ever forget their kindliness?

Jack McNeil is gone and so is Aldermere, but Telkwa still remains. It is a nice little town--a friendly town. It is a place one will not soon forget.



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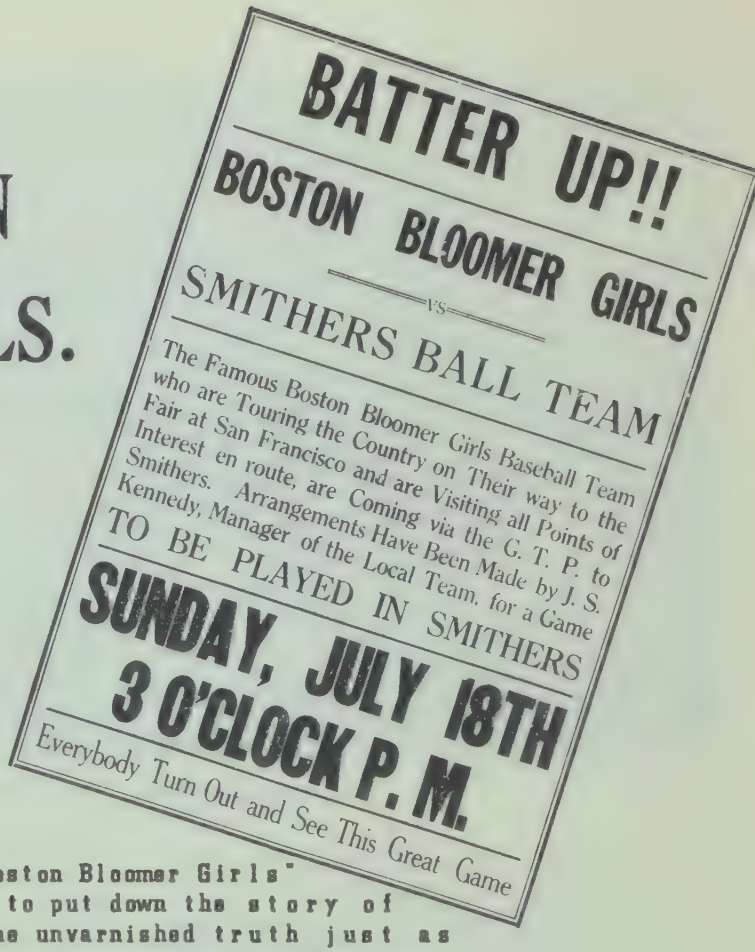
THE BOSTON BLOOMER GIRLS.

Played Ball at Smithers

by "Wiggs" O'Neill


BATTER UP!!
BOSTON BLOOMER GIRLS
VS
SMITHERS BALL TEAM
The Famous Boston Bloomer Girls Baseball Team who are Touring the Country on Their way to the Fair at San Francisco and are Visiting all Points of Interest en route, are Coming via the G. T. P. to Smithers. Arrangements Have Been Made by J. S. Kennedy, Manager of the Local Team, for a Game
TO BE PLAYED IN SMITHERS
SUNDAY, JULY 18TH
3 O'CLOCK P. M.
Everybody Turn Out and See This Great Game

Upon hearing the story of the "Boston Bloomer Girls" Ye Editor persuaded Mr. McNeill to put down the story of this hoax in writing. Below is the unvarnished truth just as we received it - we even included the interesting appendage.

The town of Smithers located on the Canadian National Railway 226 miles east of Prince Rupert, is the freight and passenger divisional point between Prince Rupert and Prince George, and came into being in the fall of 1913.

After many diversities and vicissitudes, caused by being born just before the first Great War, which blighted our hope of becoming a second Winnipeg in the course of a very few years, the town has gradually grown and held its own and is today a thriving community, and a mecca for travelling salesmen, and the odd publisher who comes our way.

The farming community around the district is quite extensive, and timber operations in the district during the last few years have played a great part in our prosperity.

Mining possibilities are quite hopeful and quite extensive, though mostly undeveloped.

Moose and deer are very plentiful in the district and at times are seen wandering around right in the town.

At the present time the town is having a water system and drainage programme installed, and we are about to see the disappearance of our famous Main Street Ditch, which has in the past served its purpose, and has been rather a distinctive asset to the town, and more or less the envy of some adjoining towns, though I'll admit at times it did not remind one of attar of roses.

Smithers has always been a wonderful sports town, especially proficient in baseball and hockey, cleaning up on Prince Rupert and Prince George regularly in baseball and hockey respectively.

On one occasion the management, getting tired of finding such easy opposition in baseball, was successful in getting the famous Boston Bloomer Girl ball team to stop off on one of their tours and give the boys a game.

The game was well advertised away ahead of time. The boys strengthened themselves by borrowing Telkwa's two best players, and practices were

arranged for every evening for two weeks ahead as they were told the girls were no easy mark.

Finally the day arrived. Every young blood in town and some of the old ones too were at the railway station to meet the train, clad in their highest collars and brightest ties, only to find the girls were not aboard.

The conductor spread word around that Charlie Barret of the Diamond D Ranch had met the train at Barrett Lake and, known far and wide as he of the wonderful smile and having a way with the ladies, had induced the girls to get off and have a Broncho ride, and had guaranteed to get them to Smithers in plenty of time for the ball game. Word was put around that Charlie had started in with the girls in a team and waggon and had phoned to have a car come and meet him.

A big rope was stretched across the street leading to the ball grounds, and each spectator was held up for a dollar to get in. Crowds came from every part of the valley, in buggies, democrats, waggons and on horse back, to see the girls play. At that time there were only four young girls in Smithers, Mr. John Grey's two oldest girls, and the two Miss Fotherbys, so girls were an attraction, regardless of their baseball qualities.

The only car in Smithers was despatched to bring the girls to town--a seven-passenger Russell Touring car, with a Daimler motor and 36 x 4 tires.

At length they arrived, dressed in the most gorgeous gowns, and pranced out on the field and took up their respective places on the Diamond.

The balloon went up, the team turned out to be a bunch of local citizens in female attire, painted and powdered--which was not in vogue at that time but right in style today. The secret was so well kept that not a leak occurred. Even the local crack team was sold, as well as the fans.

It was the greatest joke ever played on an unsuspecting public. The only fly in the ointment was, that while the proceeds were to go into the coffers of the Smithers Athletic Association for expense purposes, there were no profits. When the promoter

The Bulkley Valley at Smithers, B.C. - with Hudson's Bay Mountain in the background.

ALL WELCOME
GIRLS
"Boston Bloomer Girls" at Smithers B.C. July 18-19.

announced that the venture had put him in the hole two dollars, but that he was willing to forget it himself, he had had so much fun, the Bloomer Girls were flabbergasted, for as far as they were concerned there had been no expenses.

So, while the memory of the visit of the Boston Girls to Smithers still remains the greatest hoax of all times in the memory of the Old Timers of the district, it was a financial flop. We were told by a couple of ladies who were out a buck on the game and were peeved to some extent, being Scotch, as I remember, that it served us damn well right. Maybe so, but even if the promoter did double cross us, it was lots of fun.

The Bloomer Girls team in the picture from left to right in the smaller photo as follows:

Dr. McLean, who is still going strong, and is located in the Medical Dental Building, Vancouver.

George Eckerman, who afterwards was manager for Edward Lipsett Ltd., Prince Rupert. Now deceased.

Wiggs O'Neill of the Smithers Garage still on the job.

Russell Smith who was veteran Locomotive Engineer on the Grand Trunk Pacific, now retired and become a successful farmer, Cloverdale.

Bill Griffiths, who was a boilermaker in the Grand Trunk Pacific Roundhouse at Smithers. Whereabouts now unknown.

J. Coffee, who was an amateur photographer, and a poolroom attendant in Smithers. Present whereabouts unknown.

John Hetherington, who was the local Union Bank manager at Smithers went through the first great war. Since deceased.

J. Manley, Grand Trunk Pacific Trainman, whereabouts unknown.

John Gould, who is now proprietor of a general store and stopping place at Topley, 65 miles east of Smithers.

Sandy Gazley, for many years Smithers barber shop proprietor, now in business at Port Coquitlam.

Ole Olson, Grand Trunk Pacific Conductor for many years. Present whereabouts unknown.

The two ladies in the picture, Mrs. J. Manley and Mrs. Hazel Stickney, who weilded the powder and paint. Present whereabouts unknown.

Among the members of the team standing behind:

Billy Wallace, star pitcher of Telkwa, now resident of Prince Rupert.

Ed Kenney, now Minister of Lands at Victoria in Coalition Government.

Mike Sweeney, another of Telkwa's star pitchers. Present location not known.

The fellow in the Cowley suit, Jack McKay, was Union Bank cashier. Present whereabouts unknown.

The last ball player on the right is George Durham of Usk. Now deceased.

The tall fellow on extreme right was Big Jim Kennedy of the Smithers Pool Rooms. Promoter and Financier now of Seattle.

NB: The reason I was able to take time off and write this for you is I fell on the icy walk and nearly bust my ( ) so can't move around much.

W.J.O.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Upon reading of Mr. McNeill's mishap as noted above we immediately despatched a note of sympathy... which note also contained an inquiry as to whether he wrote the article in a sitting or standing position.

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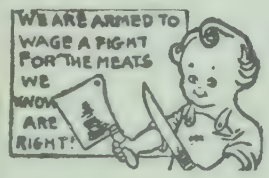

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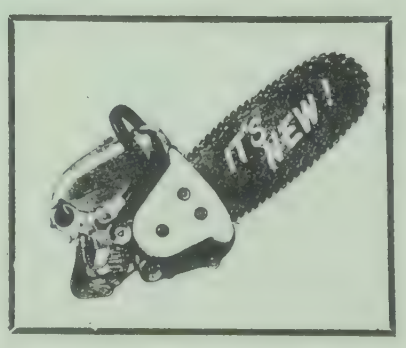

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Wolf Predation in The North Country

By I. P. Callison

Reviewed by Eric Collier

No other factor has more direct bearing upon the abundancy, or otherwise, of British Columbia's game, both big and small, than has the relationship of predatory birds and animals toward the well being of that game. As the numbers of these predators, of which wolf, coyote and cougar constitute the most serious menace continue to multiply, so does the game upon which they prey decrease. This is an established fact which warrants little if any argument. However, whether British Columbia can continue to allow its game herds to provide fodder for the three families of predators mentioned and at the same time expect those herds to not only provide our own citizens with both meat and sport but also employ them as a magnet with which to attract non-resident tourist dollars to the Province is a highly controversial subject. And one which can perhaps be summed up with this brief observation: A mountain sheep, cariboo or bull moose destroyed by predation is an absolute loss to the Province; but when that same sheep, cariboo or moose even though expended, has been instrumental is causing anywhere from two to five hundred dollars in tourist monies to be left behind in the Province then its elimination from our game supplies need certainly not have been altogether unwarranted. Predation leaves in its wake only a sheer void; a game specie obliterated solely in order that its destroyer be provided with succor and strength that it might SURVIVE to repeat the same tale of wasteful destruction on the morrow.

As I. P. Callison so vigorously proves in his recent book "Wolf Predation in the North Country." It is impossible for anyone to read this book without their being vividly impressed with the gargantuan effort to which Mr. Callison went in assembling the rough material from which the finished product was fashioned. Throughout its almost every page the author has stayed in the curtains; only here and there has he emerged for a few brief paragraphs to dwell on his own actual experiences whilst camera hunting and studying wild life conditions in the Cassiar, the South Eastern Panhandle of Alaska, the Talkeetna Watershed, the Kettle River Watershed, Quesnel Lake, the Bella-Coola, Atnarko Watersheds and a score of other big game areas.

For the remainder of the time Mr. Callison is content to allow the

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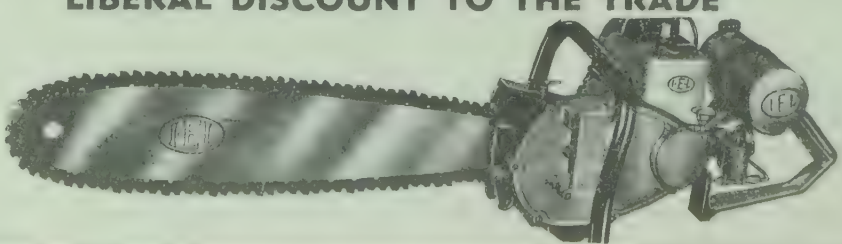

every day residents of those many game areas to give their own actual accounting of the sum total cost of predation in those districts with which they are so intimately acquainted.

As one turns the pages of ''Wolf Predation'' many characters emerge and speak upon a subject which the very nature of their calling should surely give them some authority. Lee Hancock, Talkeetna Mountain, Alaska Range -- Andy Simons, former member Alaska Game Commission -- Sheffield and Couvoisier, Big Game Guides of Muskwa, British Columbia -- J. B. Hooker, Dome Creek, B. C. -- Harry Ennis, Entrance, Jasper Park -- Gordon Grant, North Thompson River------they constitute but a few of the many Guides, Trappers and Outdoorsmen from Alaska, British Columbia, and Alberta whose evidence upon predation has been assembled and presented by Mr. Callison in his work ''Wolf Predation in North Country.''

Hearsay plays no part in this book whatsoever. Whenever and wherever its author uses quotation marks then the direct source of the quote is given. And whereas Mr. Callison undoubtedly tilts a vigorous and somewhat deadly lance at certain authorities on wild life management both in the Provinces of Canada and in the United States of America the reader is left with the impression that no personal grudge or other such motive accentuates Mr. Callison's reason for so doing. In his frank criticism of certain well known biologists both here and across the line, Mr. Callison at least furnishes the reader with well assembled and weighty evidence as justification for his criticism.

As an astute and well-informed Council for Prosecution frays into disorder the more flimsy verbiages of Defense, so too, in Wolf Predation, does Mr. Callison endeavour to debunk the theories of the Balance of Nature idealists who, with such fanaticism, are striving to convince Government and Public alike that predatory animals must be given free rein to pursue their practices of carnage and waste among our game herds in order that Nature's frail balance shall not be upset.

Here in British Columbia many of us have had cause to view with bitterness, resentment and warranted alarm the tragic depletion in numbers occasioned our big game herds by the costly toll of predation. On the livestock ranges of Cariboo and Central British Columbia those engaged in the pursuits of farming and stock raising have sound reasons for knowing that AS THE SUPPLY OF GAME DIMINISHES then the predators turn to domestic stock as a medium by which the void might better be filled. This has been amply proven upon the cattle ranges of the Cariboo where predation among livestock by wolves and coyotes has presented the cattle growers with a problem which no amount of Utopian theorisms upon the part of the Zoologists can assuage. Yet despite the losses to both wild and domestic life by this single cause little in the way of worthwhile effort is made to remedy the evil.

Why? Perhaps in ''Wolf Predation'' Mr. Callison gives the true answer. The root of the trouble might partly be found in the attitude of the Scientists, Zoologists and Park Officials whose advice upon these matters plays such a large part in the policies of the different Game Commissions toward the whole question. Certain it be that Mr. Callison had endeavoured to prove, with plenary thoroughness, that the counsels of the Balance of Nature enthusiasts are ever dragging North America's Big Game closer to the melting pot. And Mr. Callison has little care about whose feelings might be hurt in his process of so doing.

''Wolf Predation in the North Country'' was written by a man who has spent thousands of dollars of his money and many months of his life for but one purpose: to awaken the public as to what lies ahead for North America's big game unless the menace of predation is met face to face and adequately dealt with. A lover of wild life himself, Mr. Callison pleads with eloquent fervor that certain species of that wild life shall not be wiped from the face of our Continent because we, in the hour of its great need, refused to face the tragic fact that either the predators must

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be controlled or the game herds must dwindle to the point of near exhaustion.

I believe that every mature person in British Columbia should read this book because all of us have some sort of a stake in that game with which once upon a time this Province was so generously endowed. There was no thought of monetary reward in Mr. Callison's mind when he began assembling the material for the book. Indeed, were he to dispose of several editions of it, it is doubtful whether he would receive part recompense for the money expended and time spent studying the Game Herds of Alaska, British Columbia and Alberta and the relationship of Predation toward the well being of those herds.

Anyone desirous of obtaining the book can do so by writing direct to I. P. Callison, Lloyd Bldg., Seattle 1, Washington. Single copies can be obtained at one dollar per copy but should any Game Associations or other such bodies wish to obtain sufficient copies for distribution among their members, Mr. Callison will mail 25 copies at $20.00; 50 copies at $35.00; or 100 or more at 65¢ each.

I believe that those who do obtain this book and read it will agree with me that here indeed has predation been exposed in its stark, realistic colouring.

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British Columbia - 1851-1914

The following is the second of a series of excerpts from the historical volume entitled "British Columbia"

by F.W. HOWAY and E.O.S. SCHOLEFIELD

published in 1914 by the S.J. CLARKE Publishing Co. and now out of print

IN THIS ISSUE

"Indian Troubles . and . Early Mining"

The mainland of British Columbia, into which this vast migration was entering, was unorganized territory known, in a vague way, as the Indian Territory, and sometimes, even more vaguely and perhaps wrongly, as New Caledonia. Under the license of 1838 the Hudson's Bay Company held the exclusive trade with the Indians. The courts of Upper Canada, by virtue of the Act of 1821 had jurisdiction over all causes, civil and criminal, arising in this region. It is true that that act provided for the trial by Justices of the Peace of petty offences and civil actions not exceeding £200; but this portion was inoperative, no such officials having been appointed. The miners knew but little of the geography of the land to which they were hastening, and even less of its condition as regarded trade and government.

Governor Douglas, as the head of the Hudson's Bay Company on the coast, fearful of its interests, viewed with feelings of alarm this great immigration. He saw clearly enough that a great gold country had been discovered and he realized that this meant death to the monopoly. Yet he tried to do something to save the situation. In May he placed his views before the Secretary of State for the Colonies, saying: ''If the country be thrown open to indiscriminate immigration, the interests of the Empire may suffer from the introduction of a foreign population, whose sympathies may be decidedly anti-British. Taking that view of the question it assumes an alarming aspect, and suggests a doubt as to the policy of permitting the free entrance of foreigners into the British territory for residence without, in the first place, requiring them to take the oath of allegiance, and otherwise to give such security for their conduct as the Government of the country may deem it proper and necessary to require at their hands.'' This is noteworthy. The Governor's experience in connection with the Queen Charlotte Islands gold excitement had shown him that the Home Authorities would not sanction any attempt to exclude foreigners; and here is an attempt to pursue some middle course which, while allowing them to enter, would, at the same time, prevent their interference with the company's interests. But Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, in replying on July 1, 1858, to this suggestion, made it clear that the foremost country in the path of freedom and free trade would not tolerate such restrictions. He stated he was particularly anxious to impress upon Douglas that, ''while Her Majesty's Government are determined on preserving the rights, both of govern-

ment and of commerce, which belong to this country, and while they have it in contemplation to furnish you with such a force as they may be able to detach for your assistance and support in the preservation of law and order, it is no part of their policy to exclude Americans and other foreigners from the gold fields. On the contrary, you are distinctly instructed to oppose no obstacle whatever to their resort thither for the purpose of digging in those fields, so long as they submit themselves, in common with the subjects of Her Majesty, to the recognition of Her authority, and conform to such rules of police as you may have thought proper to establish.''

On the very day on which the Governor had written the letter above mentioned, May 8, 1858, he, for the expressed purpose of protecting the company's monopoly of Indian trade, issued the following

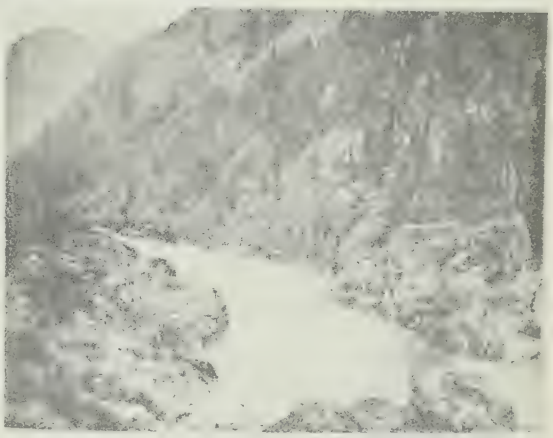
PROCLAMATION

''By His Excellency, James Douglas, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Colony of Vancouver's Island and Dependencies, and Vice-Admiral of the same, etc.

''WHEREAS, it is commonly reported that certain boats and other vessels have entered Fraser's River for trade; and whereas, there is reason to apprehend that other persons are preparing and fitting out boats and vessels for the same purpose:

''Now, therefore, I have issued this my Proclamation, warning all persons that such acts are contrary to law, and infringements upon the rights of the Hudson's Bay Company, who are legally entitled to the trade with Indians in the British Possessions on the northwest coast of America, to the exclusion of all other persons, whether British or Foreign.

''And, also, that after fourteen days from the date of this, my Proclamation, all ships, boats, and vessels, together with the goods laden on board found in Fraser's River, or in any of the bays, rivers, or creeks of the said British Possessions on the northwest coast of America, not having a license from the Hudson's Bay Company, and a sufferance from the proper officer of the Customs at Victoria, shall be liable to forfeiture, and will be



EARLY VIEWS OF THE BIG CANYON OF THE FRASER

seized and condemned according to law.

''Given under my hand and seal at Government House, Victoria, this eighth day of May in the year of our Lord, One Thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight, and in the twenty-first year of Her Majesty's reign.

''JAMES DOUGLAS,
''Governor.

'By His Excellency's Command,
''Richard Golledge, Secretary.''

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

Strangely enough, this proclamation was not sent forward with the despatch of the same date, nor was its preparation even hinted at, and yet, more strangely, it was not sent to England until May 10th. The Governor's letter of that date is even more illuminating as regards his attitude to the mining advance. ''I am now convinced,'' he says, ''that it is utterly impossible, through any means within our power to close the Gold Districts against the entrance of foreigners, as long as gold is found in abundance, in which case the country will soon be overrun and

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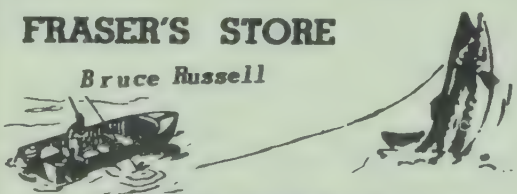

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occupied by a large white population, whether it be agreeable to our wishes or not; while, on the contrary, it is no less certain that the excitement on the subject will soon altogether cease, if the diggings prove unremunerative, and the crowds now gathering on the banks of Fraser's River will in that case soon abandon the country and return to their homes. The evil will thus work its own cure without interposition on our part.

"In the meantime, with the view of escaping the greater evil of compelling people to have recourse to expedients for entering the country by unlawful means, I am striving to legalize the entrance of gold miners into Fraser's River, on certain conditions, which at once assert the rights of the Crown, protect the interest of the Hudson's Bay Company, and are intended to draw the whole trade of the Gold Districts through Fraser's River to this Colony, which will obtain its supplies directly from the Mother Country."

This is certainly, despite the last sentence, the language of one having an eye single to the interests of the company. Most assuredly it is not the language of a Governor having only in view the interests of the colony and the nation. The panacea hinted at above, for which Douglas had searched for months, he disclosed in the terms of a proposed arrangement with the United States Pacific Mail Steamship Company for placing steamers on a regular run from Victoria to Fort Hope and Fort Yale. Such an accommodation was much required and loudly called for. The diggings would thereby become easily accessible, and the delays and dangers of the strait and river be avoided. These terms show clearly that the chief factor of the company, and not the Governor of the colony, dictated them. They were:

"1st. That they should place steamers on the navigable route between this place (Victoria) and the Falls of Fraser's River, one hundred and thirty miles distant from its discharge into the Gulf of Georgia, for the transport of goods and passengers to that point.

"2nd. That they should carry the Hudson's Bay Company's goods into Fraser's River, and no other.

"3rd. That they carry no passengers except such as have taken out and paid for a gold mining license and permit from the Government of Vancouver Island.

"4th. That they pay to the Hudson's Bay Company, as compensation to them, at the rate of two dollars head money for each passenger carried into Fraser's River.

"5th. That they should otherwise be allowed to enjoy the whole of the profits on the river transport.

"6th. The arrangement to continue in force for one year from this date, and no longer."

On June 5th, the American steamer *Surprise* accepted these terms; the *Sea Bird, Umatilla, Maria, Enterprise,* and others, all American bottoms, followed. The result of these regulations, coupled with those regarding mining, was that no person--miner, artisan, merchant or pleasure-seeker--could legally enter Fraser River District without paying in advance the sum of $7, being 21s., or $5 for one month's license fee, which went into the public revenue, and $2 for head money, which went into the coffers of the company. To enforce these payments and obedience to the proclamation of May 8th against vessels entering Fraser River, H.M.S. *Satellite,* in command of Capt. James C. Prevost, one of the members of the Boundary Commission, was stationed at its mouth. Later in the summer the brig *Recovery,* which had been purchased from the Hudson's Bay Company, took the place of the *Satellite.*

These exactions were a source of great annoyance to the miners, who strove in every way to avoid them. On July 21st, Mr. Isaac J. Stevens, the former Governor of Washington Territory, but then its delegate to Congress, brought them to the attention of the Secretary of State for the United States. One of the schemes to escape these payments was the building of a trail from Whatcom to Hope, to connect there with the brigade trail leading to the Thompson. Incidentally, this trail was a factor in the strife which arose between Victoria and the towns on Puget Sound, notably Whatcom, for the trade of Fraser River. In

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addressing a meeting at that place in August, 1858, Governor McMullin of Washington Territory alluded to this rivalry, expressed the hope that Americans would give the preference to American towns, and stated that the trail must be put through from Whatcom to the Thompson. Its construction was earnestly pressed forward and rapidly completed. Mr. W.W. DeLacy, its surveyor and locator, announced on August 17th that it was finished and that it connected with the Fort Hope trail at the point marked "Blackeye's Portage" on Anderson's map. A hundred guns pealing from the hill-top above Whatcom announced the gratifying intelligence. In anticipation of this event and the monopoly of the trade of the Fraser River mines, which was confidently expected to result, the town of Whatcom experienced quite a boom. The mushroom town had all the appearance of San Francisco in 1848; houses were going up in every direction, steamers arriving and discharging freight and passengers, miners hastily preparing their packs and departing for the mines.

A company of twenty-two men, who took this route, occupied eight weeks in making the trip, and this, coupled with the advent of river steamers at Yale, ended the much-vaunted Whatcom trail. Grass grew in Whatcom's streets.

As the proclamations and regulations above given show, the Governor at this time stood out for the extreme claims of the company--claims to the exclusive trade and navigation of the mainland territory. This position rendered him unpopular. The conditions were unique and demanded a broad statesmanship. But Douglas championed the cause of monopoly and did not rise to the occasion. On July 16th, however, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton gave the death blow to this obstructive policy. His dispatch is so pointed, shows such an intelligent grasp of the situation, and such a clear understanding of the whole matter, that it is here reproduced. He said: "But I must distinctly warn you against using the power hereby intrusted to you in maintenance of the interests of the Hudson's Bay Company in the territory. The Company is entitled, under its existing license, to the exclusive trade with the Indians, and possesses no other right or privilege whatever. It is, therefore, contrary to law, and equally contrary to the distinct instructions which I have to convey to you, to exclude any class of persons from the territory, or to prevent any importations of goods into it, on the ground of apprehended interference with this monopoly--still more to make Governmental regulations subservient to the Revenues or interests of the Company. I am compelled, therefore, to disapprove, and to disallow if still in force, the proclamation of which your Despatch transmitted a copy. To fit out boats and vessels to enter Fraser's River for trade is no 'infringement of the rights of the Hudson's Bay Company', as that Proclamation terms it. Such infringement only commences when any trading with the Indians is attempted; and no steps can rightfully be taken to put a stop to legal acts of this description, on the ground that they may be intended for ulterior purposes, infringing on private rights. For the same reason, to require a 'license from the Hudson's Bay Company' of persons landing in the territory is altogether unjustifiable.

"I am obliged, for the same reason, to disapprove of the terms you have proposed to the Pacific Mail Company. They ought not to be put under terms to 'carry the Company's goods and no other'; nor ought they to be prevented from carrying persons not furnished with a gold miner's license. Such license can properly be required of intending diggers on the ground, but not of persons merely seeking to land on the territory. Still less have the Hudson's Bay Company any right whatever to exact from passengers any fee or head money, by way, as you term it, 'compensation'."

In replying to these instructions, Douglas ingeniously suggested that as the Indians were the only inhabitants when the license was granted it was equivalent to a grant of the exclusive trade of the territory, and was, therefore, broad enough to include the trade with the whites when they arrived. Thus ended the endeavor of the Governor to secure to the Hudson's Bay Company the whole trade of the new mining country. The monopoly was

clearly tottering to its fall.

In the meantime, in spite of these obstructive regulations, miners swarmed into the Fraser River District, paying, with ill-grace, the exactions when escape therefrom was impossible. The rising waters of the river gradually covered the bars, and before the main body of the gold-seekers reached Fort Hope the river was at mid-freshet height. The space of mining ground was thus much contracted, and many of those who had risked their lives to reach it, finding this condition, returned in disgust, without striking a blow, and loud in their denunciations of the "Fraser River Humbug". Some of the more industrious examined the country for dry diggings and quartz ledges, while others sat themselves down patiently to await the subsidence of the waters.

The *Surprise*, the pioneer vessel on the Fraser above Langley, reached Fort Hope on Sunday, June 7th. Shortly after came the *Seabird*, but on the downward trip on June 24th, the vessel grounded on Seabird Bar at the upper end of Maria Island, and was left on dry land by the receding waters. After an enforced stay of two months she was, however, raised; a set of ways was placed under her, and she was launched once more. Misfortune still pursued the *Seabird;* reaching Victoria on September 4th, she struck a rock in the harbour, but was floated without injury. On the return trip she caught fire and was burned to the water's edge, though the Captain succeeded in beaching her on Discovery Island. The *Umatilla* was the first vessel to attempt the river above Fort Hope, reaching Fort Yale, on July 20th, after a five-hour trip from the former place. The return voyage was made in fifty-one minutes. On every trip these steamers carried large numbers of miners, who either disbelieved the stories about the bars being submerged or had determined to be upon the ground to take advantage of the first fall of the water.

In June, Douglas visited the mining region to see the conditions for himself. At that time the diggings began at Murderer's Bar, some three miles below Hope. Such portions of the various bars as could be worked at that high stage of the water were found to increase in richness as the river was ascended, until Hill's Bar, about a mile and a half below Yale, was reached. The gold was being taken, practically from the surface, as owing to

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the freshet no excavation deeper than two feet could be made. Even under this unsatisfactory state of affairs Hill's Bar was in some instances producing $50 per day per man. The gold found below Yale was in thin bright scales or minute particles, requiring for its advantageous working the use of quicksilver; while higher up, near Lillooet, for example, it was found in pieces frequently ranging from twenty-four grains to half an ounce in weight. As the miners ascended the river, finding the gold thus larger and coarser as they proceeded, the opinion began to prevail that there existed a richer country beyond. Near Lillooet, from $10 to $30 per day were being obtained. At Mormon Bar, one rocker yielded, in eight days, $830; a third rocker yielded, in five days, $248.

From dry diggings on a bench thirty yards from the river, at the Fountain, sixty-four miles from Lytton, the average yield of five rockers between June 1st and 7th were: first rocker, $42.12 per day; second rocker, $55.58 per day; third rocker, $37.69 per day; fourth rocker, $46.58 per day; fifth rocker, $54.51 per day.

During June and July, despite the hostile conditions, some seven thousand five hundred ounces of gold were exported; but this, of course, gives no idea of the amount actually won.

As a first step towards the preservation of law and order Douglas appointed in June, 1858, Mr. Richard Hicks as Revenue Officer at Yale, George Perrier as Justice of the Peace at Hill's Bar, and O. Travaillot as Revenue Officer at Lytton.

Late in July the miners in the vicinity of Yale, having leisure, owing to the conditions existing, working out the American idea of local "Miners Meetings," set themselves to law-making. The sale of liquor without license and the sale of fire-arms to Indians were prohibited. As this course was without precedent in these British possessions, the document is given hereunder:

"WHEREAS, it is the law of the English Government that all persons selling liquors shall procure a license for the sale of the same, the penalty for a non-compliance with the law being a fine of not less than £100, nor more than £300; and there being at present several persons selling liquors in violation of the law, thereby endangering the lives and property of the people of Fraser River, for the safety of the same we deem it expedient to adopt the following:

"Resolved, 1st. That we, the miners and residents of Fort Yale, prohibit the sale of liquors on or in the vicinity of this bar after this date.

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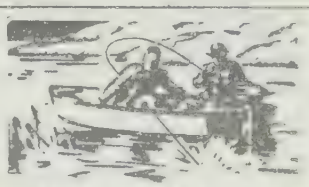

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''2d. For the better protection of life and property, we deem it expedient to destroy in our midst all liquors that may be found on or about the premises of any person.

''3d. That any one, after being duly notified, who shall be found selling liquors without a license, shall be seized and whipped with thirty-nine lashes on his bare back and be expelled from the vicinity.

''4th. That a standing committee of twelve be appointed to see the above resolutions carried into effect, until the Government sees fit to carry out its own laws. Said committee to be appointed from among the prominent residents of said bar.

''5th. That a copy of the above be forwarded to the Victoria Gazette, and also a copy posted at Fort Yale.

''6th. That any one found selling or disposing of fire-arms or ammunition to the Indians shall be dealt with according to Resolution No. 3.''

The committee referred to in the 4th resolution was appointed. It consisted of Messrs. Johnston, Hussey, Hannel, Batemen, Shannon, Fields, Connelly, York, McRoberts, Ellard, Emerson, and Cushe. That the miners were in earnest clearly appeared a few days later when a body of them, headed by Donald Walker, the Hudson's Bay Company's agent, raided a place which had become notorious for supplying liquor to Indians and, in spite of resistance, effectually prevented a continuance of such conduct by broaching every cask and destroying the whole stock.

THE INDIAN TROUBLES IN 1858

Early in August, difficulties with the Indians forced the miners above Yale to flee in terror to that place. Those who saved their lives were robbed of tools and provisions--a serious loss, indeed, at that time. A few unfortunately were unable to make their escape, and their bodies, in some instances, scalped, came floating down the raging river. The cause of the trouble was a combination of influences; the desire of the Indians to monopolize the mining, the successes of the Indians in the war in Washington then in progress, the arrogance of the miners, especially the American miners who acted as though the Indian had no rights, and lastly the interference with the Indian women. The natives were reported to be obtaining fire-arms and fire-water from the Chinese. A rifle company of forty was organized by Cap-

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tain Rouse and set out with packs on their backs on August 9th to force a passage to the Forke (Lytton). The details of the movements of this company are variously reported, but it appears that, reaching the Rancheria (Spuzzum), they engaged in a contest with the Indians in which some seven of the latter were killed; continuing in their work of destruction they burned three Indian villages and attacked the natives wherever they met them. The Indians were not all ill-disposed and it was a case, as too frequently happens of the punishment of the innocent with the guilty.

The storm centre was the Big Canyon. There a large body of savages congregated, taking possession of the points of vantage with the intention of barring the further advance of the whites. The trouble could scarcely have occurred at a more opportune time. The population of Yale, including the refugees, was in excess of three thousand, all waiting like owners of tickets in some great lottery for the drawing to commence. A meeting of nearly two thousand was held. A call for volunteers was issued, and one hundred and sixty-three responded. Opinions were divided as to the course to be pursued. Forty of the volunteers selected Graham as their commander, and determined to follow a policy of extermination;but the remainder, believing in conciliation and sufficient exhibition of force to obtain this end, placed themselves under H. M. Snyder as captain. In the fort was a case of rifles; at first Mr. Allard,the company's officer in charge, refused to supply these weapons, but as matters now assumed a more threatening attitude the miners demanded and obtained them. Captain Snyder induced the ''war-to-the-knife'' faction to lag behind to enable him to settle matters. Leaving Yale on August 18th with one hundred and twenty-three volunteers and provisions for five days, Captain Snyder made his course up the river. At Spuzzum reinforcements joined his party. At China Bar the party were surprised to find some five miners in a sort of a fortification. Amongst these persons was Edward Stout, one of the earliest of the pioneer miners. This party, which had originally consisted of some twenty persons, had been well to the forefront in the ascent of

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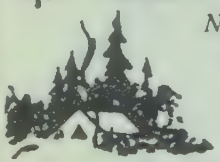
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the river, had then advanced through the canyons to Lytton, and thence up the Thompson, prospecting and mining as they went. Warned of the hostile intentions of the natives, they had stealthily made their way down the river, avoiding the usual lines of travel, but, in spite of the utmost precautions, their movements were discovered and they were harassed by a running fire. Man by man was picked off by bullet or Indian arrow until but five were left, and of these scarcely one b t bore wounds more or less severe.

Th display of force had its effect. Treaties of peace and amity were concluded with all the chiefs between Yale and Lytton, including Spintlum, a noted Thompson River chief. The expedition under Snyder returned on August 25th, accompanied by five of the chiefs, having established peace on that portion of the river. Only two men were lost on the undertaking--Captain Graham and his lieutenant, the leaders of the extermination section, who were shot by the Indians at Long Bar for having trampled down a flag of truce. With the news of the satisfactory adjustment of the trouble the miners streamed out of Yale to reoccupy their ground and be ready to take advantage of the expected fall of the waters.

Immediately upon learning of the trouble, Douglas prepared to go himself to the scene. Late in August, supported by a force of fifteen Royal Engineers from the Boundary Survey Service and twenty marines from H.M.S. Satellite, he set out for Hope. He arrived there on September 1st, a week after the reestablishment of peace. A salute was fired in his honor and every respect paid him by the miners. Finding that the use of liquor lay at the root of the matter, Douglas issued, on September 6th, a proclamation forbidding its sale to Indians under a penalty of not more than £20 and not less than £5, and announcing his determination to proceed vigorously against all offenders. He met the Indian chiefs and pacified them; he arranged for the survey and disposal of lots in Hope; he issued licenses for the sale of liquor; and he appointed peace officers: Robert T. Smith as Justice of the Peace and Revenue Officer, and W.H.Ladner as

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Chief Constable. Peter O'Reilly soon succeeded the former, and William Teague, and later Donald Chisholm, succeeded the latter.

After about a week's stay he went on to Yale, taking two days to cover the distance, thus having an opportunity to meet the miners. He estimated that three thousand persons were engaged in mining in this section. At Hill's Bar he found a man who, with four assistants,was taking out $400 a day; another was making $32 per day out of ground already washed by the rocker to the depth of eighteen inches; elsewhere mining was, however, not so productive, ranging from $7 to $25 per day.

At Yale he followed the same process of organization as at Hope. He also addressed a public gathering, giving an outline of his instructions, his policy in regard to the disposition of land, and his determination to see that the law was obeyed by whites and natives alike. As a matter of even greater material interest, he reduced the price of flour from $13 to $10.50 a barrel, and other goods in proportion; and he assured the miners that the price of flour at Yale during the winter would not exceed $11 per barrel. His manly stand, his manifest desire to improve conditions, and his determination to maintain order made him much respected and even popular amongst the better class of the people.

On this trip, there being as yet no judge appointed for the mainland, and one William King being charged with murder of a man named Eaton, at Cross Bar, near the foot of the Big Canyon, Douglas appointed a commission to try the accused. The document is given hereunder. Its importance in the development of our institutions justifies its insertion in full.

"By His Excellency James Douglas, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Colony of Vancouver's Island and its Dependencies, and Vice-Admiral of the same, etc.

"To all to whom these presents shall come, or whom the same may concern, greeting:

"Know ye, that by virtue of the power and authority in me vested, and reposing confidence in the loyalty, integrity, and ability of George Pearkes, Donald Fraser, and Robert T. Smith,

"I have appointed and do hereby appoint the said George Pearkes, Donald Fraser, and Robert T. Smith to be Commissioners constituting a Criminal Court for the trial of William King, upon any charge, information, or indictment, now found, or that may here-

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after be found against him, by any judicial officer, or grand jury of Fraser's River District.

"To have and to exercise all the powers necessary for such trial, and to pass and enforce sentence upon conviction of him, the said William King, according to law.

"And this shall be your commission and warrant, for whatsoever you, the said Commissioners constituting said Criminal Court, shall lawfully do in the arraignment, trial, conviction of the said William King and in the execution of any sentence by you pronounced.

"Given under my hand and seal at Fort Hope, in the District of Fraser's River, this ninth day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight, and in the twenty-second year of Her Majesty's reign.

"JAMES DOUGLAS,
"Governor."

The trial resulted in the conviction of the accused for manslaughter. He was sentenced to transportation for life, but escaped from the gaol in Victoria and was never recaptured. The absolute illegality of this first murder trial on the mainland will clearly appear in dealing with the legal formation of the colony of British Columbia and the appointment of the Governor.

Capt. P.B.Whannell, of the Victoria Yeomanry Cavalry in Australia and late of the Nigarris Cavalry in the East Indies, was, later, appointed Resident Magistrate or Justice of the Peace at Fort Yale. This action was taken because of complaints against Mr. Richard Hicks's official conduct, and he was thus relieved of a portion of his duties for which he was clearly unfitted.

In August the long-looked for fall of the river commenced; between the 5th and the 12th it fell four feet and a half at Yale. But hope was doomed to disappointment; again the waters rose, and a further period of enforced delay occurred. The river was struggling desperately to retain its wealth. About the end of August the real fall began. In a few days two hundred men were at work on Fort Yale Bar, and four hundred on Hill's Bar. Like peaks above the deluge, the bars began to appear with the gradual recession and were greedily seized upon by the waiting hundreds. Miners were now scattered all along the river from Fort Langley to Pavilion Creek, the northerly boundary of the Couteau country, a distance of about two hundred miles. The mining was still almost entirely bar mining. These bars were merely the exposed river bottom--sandy flats occurring in the river bends. For ages the Fraser rushing madly along had torn away the gold-bearing rock, crushed it in its natural arrastre, and deposited the gold with its accompanying metallic sand in the eddies in these bends. Almost numberless, their very locations now, in many--in fact, most--cases forgotten, it is nearly impossible to compile a complete list of them. The following enumeration is the result of much research and many conversations with the pioneers, and it is believed to be, especially as regards the lower portion of the river, as accurate as can be made at the present time. Fargo's Bar, a mile above Sumas village, was the lowest bar in which gold in paying quantities was found. Next came Maria Bar, near Harrison River. Then followed in order, Seabird, Prospect, Bluenose, Hudson, Murderer's or Cornish, three miles below, and Posey, one and a half miles below Fort Hope. Between Fort Hope and Fort Yale, a distance of about thirteen miles, the bars lay somewhat in the following sequence: Mosquito, or Poverty; Fifty Four Forty; Union, two and a half miles above Fort Hope and on the left bank; Canadian; Santa Clara, near, and Trafalgar, opposite, the Sisters rocks; Deadwood; Express; Kennedy; American, about four miles above Fort Hope and on the right bank; Puget Sound; Victoria; Yankee Doodle; Eagle; Alfred; Sacramento; French, on the left bank one mile below Strawberry Island; Texas Bar and Strawberry Island, seven miles from Fort Hope; Hunter; Emory, four miles from Fort Yale; Rocky; Trinity; Ohio Bar, a quarter of a mile below Hill's Bar but on the opposite or right bank; Hill's Bar, about two miles below Fort Yale on the

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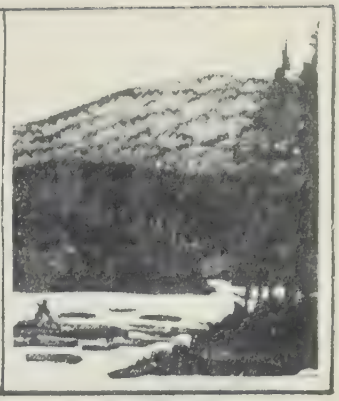

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left bank, the earliest-worked, longest-worked, largest, and best-paying bar on the Fraser; Casey; and Fort Yale Bar. Above Fort Yale they were: New York Bar, at Lady Franklin rock; Rose's Bar, about a mile and a half beyond; Macrae's Bar, half a mile above Siwash Creek; another Victoria Bar at the exit from the Little Canyon; Pike's riffle, six miles above Fort Yale; Sailor Bar, about a mile above Pike's riffle and on the opposite or right bank; McKeen's Bar, seven miles from Fort Yale; Surprise, and Washington; Wellington Bar, one mile above Sailor Bar; Madison; Davis Bar, nine miles above Fort Yale; Foggarty's Bar, on the left bank; Spuzzum Bar, on the opposite side; Humbug; Dutchman, a little below the site of the suspension bridge; Chapman's Bar, a mile above that spot; Steamboat, half a mile further; Cross Bar or Short Bend, at the foot of the Big Canyon; Clark's riffle, on the right or west bank; Swan's Bar; Nicaragua Bar, about eight miles below the mouth of Anderson River, on the east side; Tehama; another Rocky Bar, on the eastern side about a mile above the present Camp Sixteen on the Canadian Pacific Railway; Skuzzick Bar, at the mouth of the creek of that name; China Bar, a short distance above Rocky Bar; Boston Bar, at the mouth of Anderson River; Island Bar, immediately opposite; Yankee Flat, the site of the present North Bend; Rough's Flat, just across the river; Reid's Point, a mile and a half above Yankee Flat; Angel's Flat, on the east side, at the mouth of Ten Mile Creek; another Fargo Bar, a mile further; Salmon River Bar, at the mouth of that stream; Boothroyd's Flat, on the opposite side; another Murderer's Bar; Murriner's Bar, above Keefer's on the eastern side; Kanaka Bar, at Jackass Mountain; Cisco Bar, near the present Cantilever bridge; Siwash Bar, about ten miles below Lytton; New Brunswick Bar; Rancheria Bar, at Lytton. Above Lytton were: China Flat, three miles, and Lower Mormon Bar, six miles from Lytton; then Rose, Foster, Robinson, Horse Beef, and French, near Bridge River; the Fountain, near Lillooet; Brady's, seven miles beyond; Haskell's, eleven miles from Brady's; and Big Bar, sixteen miles beyond Haskell's--all on the right bank. Above Bridge River on the right bank were: McMillan's, three miles; Upper Mormon Bar, five miles; Day's Bar, six miles; Strangler's Bar, twenty miles; and Dancing Bill's Bar, thirty miles respectively beyond that point. On the lower Fraser gold was first discovered on Hill's Bar, Union and Emory were next, and then Chapman's and Boston.

With the recession of the water these bars became the scenes of great activity. Although in the painful interval of waiting--June to September--thousands had left the country and, notwithstanding that the size of a claim was but twenty-five feet square, the bars below the canyon were overcrowded. There was no bed-rock in these sands, but there was, nevertheless, a recognized pay stratum, clearly defined and differing in color from the worthless sand of the bar. This auriferous deposit was sometimes situated a few inches below the surface, at other places it was two feet or even more. It also varied in thickness. On Hill's Bar, it was claimed to have been six feet thick and sixty feet wide, extending the whole length of the bar, a distance of fully half a mile, and yielding on the average 50 cents a pan. As an instance of the richness of this bar, it is recorded that Mr. Winston and two partners took out forty-six pounds of gold dust between December,

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1858, and April, 1859. Frequently they obtained fifty ounces in a day and sometimes, when the sluices were running day and night, seventy to eighty ounces in the same time.

In September, Alfred Waddington counted eight hundred rockers at work between Fort Hope and Fort Yale. In November, Douglas reported that there were over ten thousand persons engaged in mining, of whom one-half were between Murderer's Bar and Fort Yale. This did not, by any means, indicate that the bars in that locality were the richest; but that access to the diggings above the canyons was so difficult, the supply of food so precarious, and its price so high that all but the most resolute and adventurous were deterred. It is impossible to enter into the details of the output of the various bars. The total for the six months--June to December, 1858--was $520,353. Hill's Bar was admitted on all sides to be the richest, and, besides being the first discovered in the advance of 1858, was the longest mined. The other bars, it may be said in a general way, varied in productiveness from those which barely paid meagre wages to those that produced three and four ounces per man per day. Rockers, at best a slow and primitive method of gold extraction, were soon superseded by sluicing, necessitating combination of labor or investment of capital. Bar diggings also gave place to bench diggings, of which, in 1858, the principal were the Bond and the George Dry Diggings in the neighborhood of Yale, the Hovey, below the confluence of Bridge River and Fountain Dry Diggings, near the Fountain, one of the most celebrated spots on Fraser River in that year. The great desire was to reach the richer lands beyond the canyons, for no one doubted the theory that rich diggings lay inland. Late in 1858 numerous canoes set out from Yale and, in many instances, the water being low and the current less rapid, made their way to Lytton; but the difficulties were so great, the time occupied so long, and the dangers so many, that the absolute necessity for a practicable trail was clearly demonstrated.

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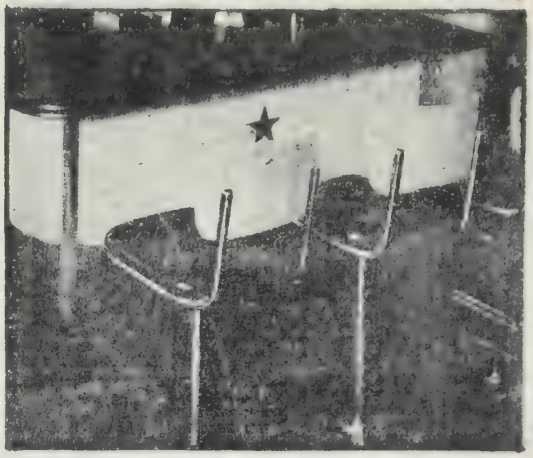

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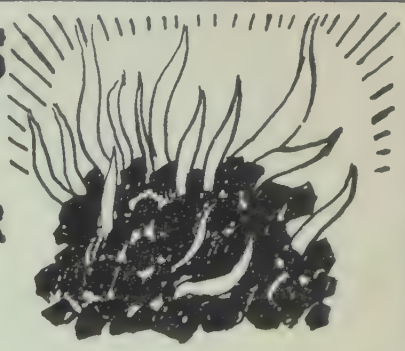

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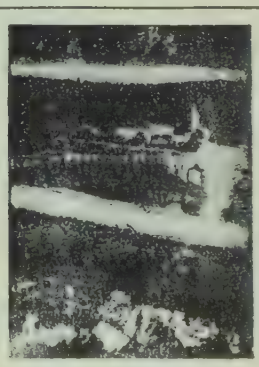

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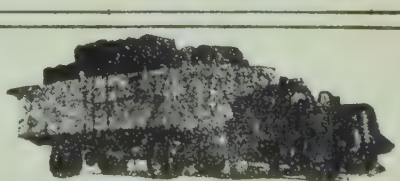

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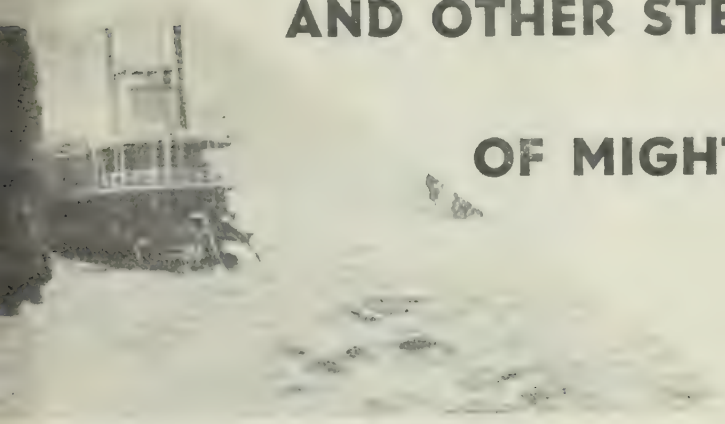

As Compiled by
W. D. McBRIDE

Before the story of the steamers of Alaska and the Yukon evaporates into thin air and becomes a part of the forgotten past, William D. MacBride, freight dispatcher of the British Yukon Navigation Company Ltd., the river division of the White Pass & Yukon Company, now in charge of freight forwarding and claims investigation, has spent more than two years gathering data about the various types of craft which have operated on the greatest of all northern water highways from the first boat recorded up to 1914.

Not only the old steamer officers will appreciate having such a valuable record, but the old-timers who pioneered in the pre-rush days as well as during the stampede will enjoy the memories which will be renewed of the happy days of their youth. The newcomers to Alaska who do not know this background will appreciate more fully the marvelous work done by those who preceded them almost 50 years ago when life was much tougher than it is today with unlimited funds at hand because of wartime necessity.

Extensive Research

This history of the old vessels of Alaska and Yukon has been compiled from every available source. Mr. MacBride searched the files of the Northern Navigation Company; American Yukon Navigation Company; British Yukon Navigation Company; U.S. Commerce lists of vessels; Canadian Customs records; files of Dawson and Whitehorse newspapers and many Alaska books. Information received from pioneers of Alaska and the Yukon also helped. He says:

"I wish particularly to acknowledge data from Walter R. Curtin's fine book 'Yukon Voyage,' and information from Volney Richmond, Sr., Charles J. Vifquain, Capt. Wallace Langley, W.D. Gordon, J.R. Guadin, Capt. Ralph Newcomb, Capt. C.A. Boerner, George McLachlan, Gilbert Skelly, A.H. Haynes and many others."

During the summers of 1912 and 1913 Mr. MacBride was secretary to A.F. Zipf, manager of the Northern Navigation Company, stationed at St. Michaels, and from 1914 to the present time has been in the superintendent's office of the British Yukon Navigation Company at Whitehorse.

"My only effort has been to compile the history of these vessels briefly before all record if lost," states Mr. MacBride. "I realize that some of the information received may be incorrect and some is controversial. I shall be glad to receive corrections and additions to this list, also photos of vessels operating during the Klondyke gold rush in the hope of eventually securing an accurate record of the steamboats that have played such an important part in the development of Alaska and Yukon Territory."

The list of steamers and their gross tonnage operated on Yukon River and tributaries in Alaska and the Yukon Territory from the earliest known dates as compiled alphabetically by Mr. MacBride, are as follows:

A.J.GODDARD, 15 tons. Hull built in San Francisco, assembled at Lake Bennett by Capt. A.J.Goddard, now of Woodinville, near Seattle. First boat on the upper Yukon to arrive in Dawson June 21,1898, via Miles Canyon and Whitehorse Rapids. E.W.Smith was co-captain. Catley sisters were passengers. Boat lost next year at the foot of Lake LeBarge at Goddard's Point and never raised. Can be seen on clear days.

AGNES E.BOYD, 731 tons. Built in Oakland, Calif., in 1898.

AKSALA (first named Alaska)--642 tons. Built by A.Y.N. in Whitehorse, 1913. Transferred to Canadian register and renamed Aksala. Still operating for B.Y.N. Co.

ALASKA--Empire Transportation Co. See "Empire."

ALERT--9 tons. No data except that the boat sailed from Whitehorse to Lake LeBarge, June 2, 1901. Capt. Sangster.

ALICE I--400 tons. Built St. Michael 1895, A.C. Co. at Andreaofsky Slough. 1897 winterbound in river. Arrived in Dawson, July 6, 1898.

ALICE II--262 tons. Built in Seattle 1909, for N.C. Co. Now on Susitna River, owned by Alaska Railroad.

ALPHA--No data except that it operated on Lake Bennett between Millhaven and Carcross.

ANAWANDA--31 tons. Built in Portland, Ore., and rebuilt in 1898 at St. Michael.

ANGELINE--Launched at Teslin Lake, June 13, 1898. Owned by York Co.

ANGLIAN--162 tons. Built at Teslin Lake, 1898. Machinery and sawmill, 35 tons, taken to Teslin Lake from Victoria, B.C., in the fall of 1897 via Stikine River to Telegraph Creek and thence overland. Left Teslin Lake around June 20, 1898. C. McDonald and C.A.Gardner in pilot house; Mate Andy Howatt, Second Mate J.E.Doddridge, Chief Engineer Frank Henley, Assistant Engineer J.R.Gaudin. Arrived Dawson July 28, 1898. 40 members R.N.W.M.P. aboard. Hull dismantled in 1931 at

The Author

The history of the early development of any country is invariably closely linked to the history of the early transportation in that country, for without means of transportation there can be little development. Today you can step aboard one of the sleek, silvery C.P.A. planes in Vancouver in the morning, and have a late dinner in Dawson City, 1500 miles to the north, the same day, with your business suit quite unruffled.

Fifty years ago however there were only three means of arriving at that fabulous City of gold in the heart of the Klondyke, the long, overland journey over the Edmonton trail; the equally arduous trek over the Telegraph trail or by steamer to Skagway and then over the White Pass by rail, or the Chilcoot Pass on foot....to Whitehorse....the jumping off place for the gold fields. From there on the journey (if made in the summer) was less arduous, for it was made by boat down the Lewes River - tributary of the mighty Yukon... navigable for its entire distance from Whitehorse, Y.T., to the Bering Sea near Nome, Alaska.

On no other river in North America (with the exception of the Mississippi) has the stern-wheeler river boat played such an important part in early and modern transportation. And perhaps no person, living or dead, knows more about the history of early transportation in the Yukon and on the Yukon River than does Mr. MacBride, who is a special representative and Public Relations manager for the White Pass & Yukon Route which operates a fleet of stern-wheelers on the Yukon and its tributaries, and who caught his first glimpse of Skagway & the Chilcoot Pass as a lad in 1899, a year after his father had taken part in the famous trek of '98.

Born in Butte, Montana, he received his highschool training in Kalispell, Montana, following which he attended Oberlin College, Oberlin Ohio, and Blair Business

Concluded on page 111

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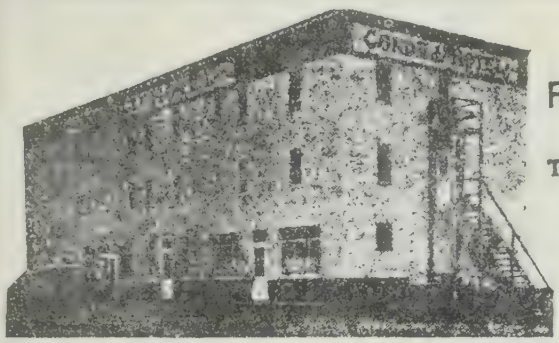

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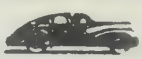
LES  CAL

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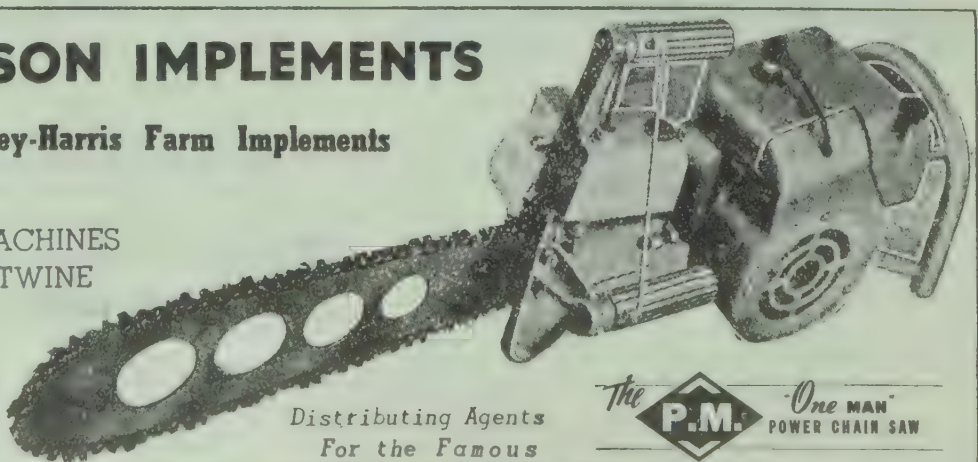

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Steamer 'Dawson' entering Five Finger rapids on the down-stream trip.

Whitehorse.

AQUILLA--A propeller launch formerly property W.R.Hearst. Taken from San Francisco to St. Michael, arriving in Dawson September 3, 1898. Later taken back to Pacific Coast.

ARCTIC--Built in 1898 at St. Michael A.C. Co., Capt. Kennedy, Pilot Billy Moore. First steamer to arrive Dawson, October 17, 1896. Caught in ice jam near 40 Mile, spring of '97 and demolished. Machinery was saved and installed in Barge Margaret.

ARCTIC BOY--Trading steamer owned by Capt. E.G.Burnet of Fairbanks, before the stampede there. Built 1898.

ARGO--Propeller, flat bottom, steam schooner model. Came from Coquelle river under own power. Got as far up river as Argo Island, below Ruby, and stuck there winter of '99. Capt. Fredericks. Eventually reached Rampart. No other data.

ALL NATIONS--Capt. Lamar, Fairbanks to Innoko. Tanana, June 7, 1908.

ARNOLD (Arnold L. Liebes)--692 tons. Built at Unalaska in 1898 for Alaska Exploration Co. Towed to St. Michael. Arrived Dawson October 4, 1898. Later beached on the mainland at St.Michael.

AUSTRALIAN--422 tons. Iron hull, built in Victoria, 1899, Canadian Development Co., later owned by the B.Y.N. Co. Operated on Bennett-Canyon City run; also Carcross-Atlin run. Rebuilt as a barge in 1942 by Public Roads Administration for movement Alaska Highway material. Is now at Carcross, Y.T.

BAILEY--Built at Lake Bennett, 1899, by L. Paquet, 193 tons. The boat operated on Bennett-Canyon City run and was taken through the rapids and was put on the Whitehorse-Dawson run. It was demolished at Whitehorse in 1931.

BONANZA KING (The ex-Gov. Pingree)--Tonnage, 466. Built at Dutch Harbor, 1898, and arrived in Dawson Sept. 24, 1898 with 91 tons of freight, a sister ship of the ''Eldorado''. The ''Eldorado'' and the ''Bonanza King'' were bought by Nels Petersen, rich Bonanza

Casca No.2, wrecked in Rink Rapids, July 9/46.

Launching steamer Alaska, spring, 1915

Creek operator. He operated them under the name of ''The Flyer Line.'' MacBride has a picture of the ''Fly on the Flyer Line.'' A ticket from Dawson to Seattle was offered as the prize to the first person reporting either vessel in sight coming upstream to Dawson. Hundreds climbed the Dome back of Dawson to which, one wise couple arranged a signal and the ''smarty'' on the Dome wig-wagged his pal on Front Street when the steamer was sighted who reported and won the ticket. Dozens of people almost broke their necks rushing down hill only to find they had been outsmarted. Petersen paid $90,000 for the two steamers and sustained a financial loss. He later made another stake at Nome. The ''King'' is now side-tracked at Whitehorse and used as a lumber store room.

BELLA--Built at St. Michael, 370 tons, by the Alaska Commercial Co. in 1896. The ''Bella'' was the second steamer to arrive in Dawson in July, 1897, and the fifth to arrive June 24, 1898, with a barge and 340 tons of freight. It had spent the winter along the river, and is now at St. Michael.

BELLINGHAM--Built at Lake Bennett, 1897. It was the first steamer arriving at Dawson from Bennett in 1898 through Whitehorse Rapids.

BURPEE-- Operated between Dawson and Fortymile. No other data.

LaBarge Cocktails

CANADIAN-- Built in Victoria by John Todd, 1898, 716 tons. Arrived in Dawson Aug. 24, 1898, under her own steam from Victoria with 260 tons of freight with Capt. P. Martin, Pilot John Murray, Mate Steve Martin. When Alaska went dry during the last war, ''Canadian'' landed at Tanana just as saloons were selling out at bargain prices. Some of the crew bought up all the stock, including a job lot of Benedictine and made a ''LaBarge cocktail'' by dumping the whole works into a washtub, christening the ''Canadian'' as the ''Benedictine.'' Incidentally, Capt. C.M. Coglan's ''LaBarge Cocktail'' is half Eno's fruit salts and half gin. ''Canadian'' was called ''The Bull of the Woods'' on the Upper Yukon. Her last resting place is by the claybank south of Whitehorse where the top of her boiler may be seen.

C.H. BRADLEY--Built in Ballard, at Seattle, in 1898, 29 tons. A propellor boat, now on St. Michael mainland.

CASCA (1)--Built by Wm. F. Bullen in Victoria, B.C., 590 tons. Bought by Ironside, Rennie & Campbell of Vancouver, B.C., sold to B.Y.N. Co., and operated on upper river. Dismantled at Whitehorse in 1911, the hull being used as a landing barge at Lower LaBarge.

CASCA (2)--Built at Whitehorse in 1911 by the B.Y.N., 1,079 tons. She was the flagship of B.Y.N. fleet. Operated on Whitehorse-Dawson run and on Midnight Sun excursions to Ft. Yukon. Wrecked July 9, 1936, in Rink Rapids, a total loss except machinery.

CASCA (3)--Built in Whitehorse in 1937, 1,300 tons, by the B.Y.N. Co., and still operating.

CHAS. H. HAMILTON--Built at St. Michael in 1897, 595 tons, by the N.A.T.& T. Company, N.N. Company, and A.Y.N. Company. She was the fourth steamer to arrive in Dawson from down-

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river, June 21, 1898, with about 50 passengers, Capt. Geo. Hill at the wheel. Spent the winter along the river. Operated on St. Michael-Dawson-Fairbanks run, and now beached on St. Michael Canal.

CITY OF PARIS--Built in 1898 by a St. Louis syndicate. Wintered on Koyukuk, 1898-99, then sold to the N. C. Company in 1901. Made one trip to St. Michael and Bettles. Froze in at Bergman, Koyukuk river. Supposed to have had large liquor shipment aboard. Parties looking for liquor accidentally set her on fire and she became a total loss. Liquor had been removed to warehouse. Commanded by Capt. Tom Haines; chief engineer, Joe Mathews; assistant engineer, Clausson.

CLARA--Built in San Francisco in 1898, 144 tons, by John Cameron. Arrived in Dawson Sept. 7, 1898. Dismantled at Dawson in 1901.

CLARA MONARCH--Built in San Francisco, 1898, by Mr. Turner, 284 tons. Owned by F. DeJournel and sold to Dominick Burns of Whitehorse, then back to Geo. S. Wilson, Dawson. Operated on Whitehorse-Dawson run, known as the "Pirate Ship" by Capt. Alex McLean, reputed to be Jack London's "Sea Wolf." Finally sunk in slough below Whitehorse, known as "Clara Monarch Slough." Capt. Ed C. Miller, now of Woodinville, Wash., was half owner.

CLIFFORD SIFTON--Built at Bennett, 1898, by a Kansas syndicate of ladies and operated at a profit. Ole Strom was chief engineer and J. E. Doddridge pilot. Doddridge died in the Whitehorse hospital in the spring of 1914. Chas. Niles was manager and purser. The Sifton came through Whitehorse Rapids, and was on the Dawson run. Later converted to a barge and wrecked in Sunnydale Slough, Dawson.

Yukon's Worst Loss

COLUMBIAN--Built in Victoria in 1898 by John Todd, 206 tons. Last owner was B.Y.N. Company. Steamed from Victoria, arriving St. Michael July 15, 1898, and Dawson Aug. 18, 1898. Operated on Upper River. Burned at Eagle Rock between Big Salmon and Little Salmon, Sept. 25, 1906. Ship was carrying explosives. A member of the crew picked up a gun to shoot some ducks, stumbled and shot into the powder with resultant explosion and fire. Six crew members lost their lives, including Purser Cowper and Phil Murray, son of Capt. Frank Murray. Officers were Capt. J. O. Williams, Pilot H. C.

Steamer Columbian after the fire on September 25th, 1906.

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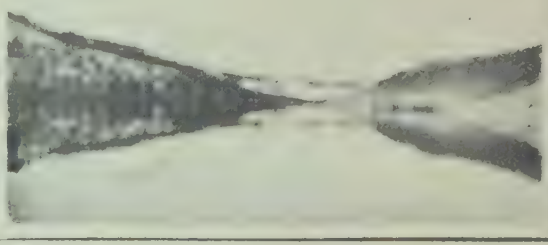

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MILE 872 ALASKA HIGHWAY

mer 'Gen. J. W. Jacobs' landing at Dawson City

Steamer 'Gleaner' at Carcross dock.

Baugham, Mate J. Welsh, Purser L. E. Cowper, Chief Engineer Frank Mavis, Second Engineer A. Borrowman, Steward C. D. Phillips. This was the worst accident ever to occur on the Yukon. Since that date B.Y.N. Company does not permit crew or passengers to use fire-arms aboard steamers. Capt. Geo. Raabe then ran Str. Dawson from Whitehorse to the scene of the accident with a doctor and nurses, negotiating the treacherous Thirty Mile River without a stop-bell in the record time of one hour, 45 minutes. This was the first time the Thirtymile was run without a stop-bell.

CORA--Built by C. S. Bettles, 1894. No other data.

CUB--Built by the Alaska Exploration Company, 30 tons. This tug was wrecked at St. Michael.

D. ARMSTRONG--Built at St. Michael in 1898 and later wrecked at New Hamilton Slough.

DAWSON--Built at Whitehorse, 1901, 779 tons, by the B.Y.N. Company for the Whitehorse-Dawson run. Was wrecked at Rink Rapids in the fall of 1926 and a total loss. Passengers were brought overland to Whitehorse with cars and trucks.

DAWSON CITY--See Gussie Brown.

DELTA--Built at St. Michael, 1905, 293 tons by the N. N. Company and the A. Y. N. Company. Operated on side streams and on the Fairbanks run. With Capt. Short, passed up Tanana River on the first trip July 27, 1905, and is now at St. Michael.

DORA--See Olive May.

DUSTY DIAMOND--Built at St. Michael in 1898, 101 tons. Operated on side streams. Records show it made 2 trips between Tanana and Fairbanks, 1905, with Capt. Bingham and Capt. Smith. Is now at Fairbanks.

DOROTHY--Built in Seattle, in 1898. Now on the Koyukuk River.

D. R. CAMPBELL--Built in Seattle, 1898, 718 tons. Arrived in Dawson September 8, 1898, with a barge, 400 tons. Was one of the Moran fleet. Operated on St. Michael-Dawson, and St. Michael-Fairbanks run 1905-1909, with Captains Bingham and Smith. Is now at Fairbanks.

ELDORADO--See Philip B. Low.

ELLA--On Whitehorse to Fairbanks run in 1905, under Capt. Greer. Made five trips on St. Michael-Fairbanks run with Capt. Blair. 16 trips in 1906 and 6 trips in 1907. No further record.

EMMA--Taken from Lower River to Upper Yukon. No data.

EMMA NOTT--Built at Lake Bennett, 48 tons, in 1898 by Joe Nott.

EMPIRE--Owned by Empire Transportation Company in which Standard Oil Company had an interest. Steel hull and 6 propellers. Nicknamed "Six-Shooter". Left Seattle May 21, 1899, arriving at St. Michaels July 3 under own power. Believed to have gone as far as Rampart, but was not a success. Sister ship "Alaska" built at the same time. No data.

EVELYN--See Norcom

FANNIE (of Nome)--Built at Nome in 1900. 75 tons. No data.

F. X. GUSTIN--Built in Seattle by Moran Bros. in 1898, 718 tons. Arrived at Dawson August 30, 1898, 315 tons, with barge. The first owners were the A. E. Company. Now in Adreaofsky

Steamer Casca leaving Dawson with 150 recruits in June, 1916

Steamer Dawson wrecked in Rink Rapids - 19

Slough.

FLORA--Built at Lake Bennett, 1898, 63 tons, by Bert Fowler, for Bennett Lake & Klondyke Navigation Co. Otto H.Partridge was general manager. First captain was M. Martineau. Later taken through Whitehorse Rapids and on Dawson run. Changed to a barge in 1903.

FLORENCE--Built by the N. C. Company and used as a harbor boat at St. Michael. Wintered in the Koyukuk, 1898-99. Wrecked in St. Michael canal.

FLORENCE S--An iron hull built in St. Michael in 1898, 90 tons. J. E. Fairbairn was captain and owner. Arrived in Dawson September 23, 1898, and ran on Upper River.Turned turtle in 30 Mile River about 1900. Capt. S. C. Barrington. Purser, lady passenger and child drowned. Two bodies recovered. Raised in 1901 and took load of coal from Tantalus to Dawson. Tanana records show it made one trip each year on Tanana River, 1905-1906. Operated on Fairbanks-Innoko run, 1907-8-9, with Captain Smythe. Is said to be now used as a barge by the Black Transportation Company.

FLYING--Operated by Capt. C. E. Miller, Tantalus Coal Mine, Yukon.

FORTUNE HUNTER--(See Helen Bruce) Built at St. Michael, 1898, 160 tons. Promoted by Miner Bruce.

FRONTIERSMAN--Gas sternwheel, chain drive. Built at Whitehorse. Owners were Clair Marcil and Thos. Smith. Ran on the Hootalinqua and Pelly Rivers; also one year on the Porcupine for boundary survey. Smith drowned on Liard River. Marcil, still dock engineer at Dawson.

GERTRUDE--Ran from Fairbanks to Innoko, in August, 1909, with Capt. Appleby.

GLASSCOCK--Built in Portland in 1898. Was lost on the way to St. Michael.

GLEANER--Built at Lake Bennett, 1899, by John Irving, 241 tons. Operated from Lake Bennett to Canyon City, and later on the Carcross-Atlin run. Now on the ways at Carcross, Y. T.

GLENORA--Built in Tacoma, 1898, by G. W. Barlow, 542 tons. Burned at Dawson, 1902.

GOLDEN CROWN No. 1--Built at Whitehorse, 1902, by W. Ogilvie and owner, 114 tons. Used as a dredge on the Stewart River.

GOLDEN HIND--According to Mike Mahoney's book, "Klondike Mike," this craft was made up from a St. Michael barge, machinery from a hulk and a mine boiler, Wilson & Stackpole, owners. Left Nome late fall of 1904 with 50 passengers, including Mahoney and dog-team. Froze in about 10 miles below Fairbanks.

GOLD STAR--Built at St. Michael, 1898. Arrived in Dawson September 8,

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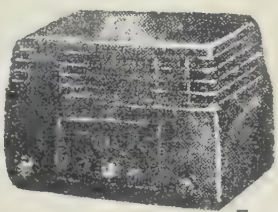

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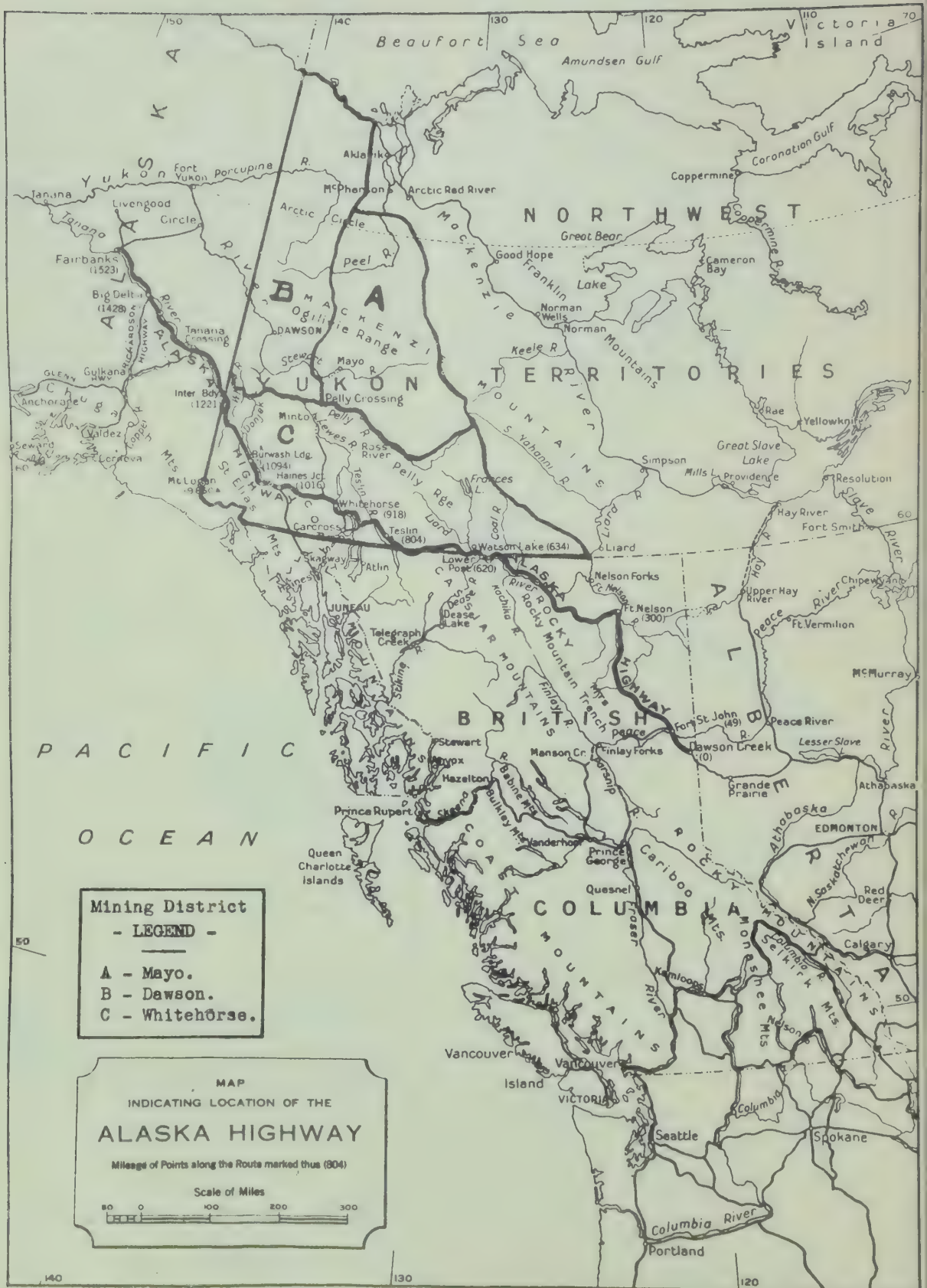

Mining District
- LEGEND -

A - Mayo.
B - Dawson.
C - Whitehorse.

MAP
INDICATING LOCATION OF THE
ALASKA HIGHWAY

Mileage of Points along the Route marked thus (804)

Scale of Miles

80 0 100 200 300

1898. Arrived in Dawson from Whitehorse July 23, 1899, Capt. Wm. Turnbull. Wrecked in Five Fingers the fall of 1900. Went up the Koyukuk in 1904; Dawson to Fairbanks, 1906. Wrecked in Tanana River 15 miles below Chena.

GOVERNOR PINGREE--(See Bonanza King)

GOVERNOR STONEMAN--A tug from San Francisco, arriving in Dawson July 10, 1898. Wintered on the Yukon River.

GUSSIE BROWN--(See Dawson City) Built in San Francisco, 1898, 119 tons. Twin screw. Nome beach, final resting place.

GYPSY QUEEN--Built at Wrangell, 1897, 107 tons. No data.

HANNAH (Hannah Gerstle)--1,130 tons. Built in Unalaska in 1898 by the Alaska Commercial Company, the N. N. Company and A. Y. N. Company. Arrived in Dawson Sept. 1, 1898 with 230 tons of freight. Used on St. Michael-Dawson-Fairbanks run. Of Mississippi River packet type. Towed from Captain's Bay, Unalaska to St. Michael. Sister ship of the Sarah and Susie. These vessels had special deluxe Texas stateroom, known as the "blue room." Now lying on the ways at St. Michael.

HAPPY HOOLIGAN--Tanana arrival records show this craft arriving from Whitehorse in July, 1905, for Fairbanks with Capt. Simons. Gilbert Skelly says the Hooligan was a house barge, towed by a sternwheel launch called "Rough Rider," and that it carried a cargo of "ladies" for Fairbanks; stuck on a bar just below Whitehorse, and "ladies" had to wade ashore. Bar politely known to this day as "Scatter Bar". Comments on above invited.

HELEN BRUCE--See Fortune Hunter.

HERBERT--12 tons. Built at Anvik in 1906. No data.

HERMAN (Herman Liebes)--456 tons. Built at Dutch Harbor in 1898 by the Alaska Exploration Co. Used for towing strings of barges to the mouth of the river, and also on the main river run. Known as "The Bull of the Woods." Also called the "Discipline Ship" as skippers who got in wrong generally wound up with a berth on the "Herman." Now lies on the ways at St. Michael.

HETTIE B--A tug from San Francisco arriving at Dawson July 10, 1898. Wintered on the Yukon River.

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IDA MAY (See W. H. Rideout)--278 ton boat built at Stockton, Calif., in 1898 by the Gold Star Transportation Co. Arrived in Dawson Aug. 28, 1898, with a barge and 339 tons. Name changed to Ida May and Canadian registry. Ran between Whitehorse and Dawson in 1899. Shows on Tanana record arrivals as operating between St. Michael and Fairbanks 1906-1910. Now on St. Michael beach.

IDLER--61 tons. Built in Fairbanks in 1911 by Fred Noyes. Now operated by the Black Transportation Company as a diesel sternwheeler.

INDEPENDENCE--Made eight trips between St. Michael and Fairbanks in 1905 with Capt. Warren. No further record.

IDITAROD--Operated from Fairbanks to Iditarod in Sept., 1909, with Capt. Slippern. No other data.

INDIANAPOLIS--Private company built her at St. Michael, 1898, for prospecting. No further data.

IOWA--Built at Lake Bennett by Town Alaska Mining Company. Launched at Caribou Crossing June 9, 1898, arrived at Dawson through Whitehorse Rapids in June, 1898, with Captain Abbott.

ISABELLE--162 tons. Built at St.

Michael in 1902 by E. T. Barnet. Machinery from the Arctic Boy. Was swamped at St. Michael. Now in Andreaofsky Slough. (?)

JAMES DOMVILLE--Built in 1898 in North Vancouver, B.C., by Wallace. Steamed from there via ocean, arriving at Dawson Aug. 22, 1898 with 240 tons of freight. Named for Col. James Dombille, owner, a prominent banker and member of Parliament from New Brunswick. Capt. Ferris took the boat north with Capt. Arch McLean on board, representing the owner. One of the firemen was James Domville Richards, a family friend of the Dombilles. Richards is one of the most famed of Whitehorse ''Sourdoughs''. For over 40 years he has been a wood-sawing specialist, with his tractor wheeled self-propelled saw, and is proud of his name, ''Buzz-Saw Jimmie.'' One of his legs fell a victim of the saw and several portions of his anatomy have scars of his trade. In a past issue of ''Look'' magazine is a color plate showing ''Buzz'' in the act of panning ''gold'' at Whitehorse Rapids, aided by two beautiful ''Cheechacho'' maidens. With some 70 years behind him, ''Buzz-Saw Jimmie'' is still on the job, and likes to turn back the pages to the days when he was shipmate with Capt. Ferris on the Bay of Fundy, or towing log booms on St. John River. The Domville was wrecked in the 30 Mile River in the spring of 1899 with Capt. S. C. Barrington, and was a total loss. The riffle where she struck is today known as ''The Domville Bar.''

J. B. KERR--25 tons. Built at St. Michael in 1898. No data.

JEFF C. DAVIS--Built in Port Blakely in 1898 as the ''Duchesnay''. Used in Cook's Inlet to transport equipment up the Shaskelnay River for Capt. Glenn who was exploring for an overland route to Nome. Taken to St. Michael for the use of Gen. George M. Randall of the U.S. Army and renamed ''General Jeff C. Davis''. Was transferred to the Alaska Railroad in 1923 and now dismantled at Nenana.

JENNY K--50 tons. Wrecked at Mt. Romanoff, 1899. No other data.

JENNY M--49 tons. Built at St. Michael, 1898. Iron hull. Now used as a barge by the Black Transportation Company.

JOE MATHEWS--45 tons. Built at Everett in 1898 and used up the Koyukuk.

JOHN C. BARR--546 tons. Built at Unalaska in 1898 by the N.A.T. & T. Company. Arrived in Dawson June 26, 1898. Transferred to British Registry

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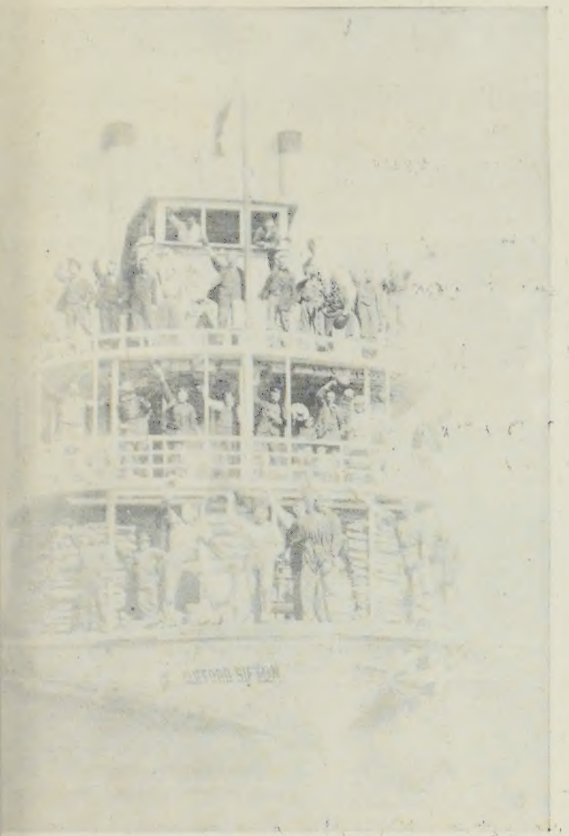


Steamer Clifford Sifton

and on the Upper River run in 1899 with Captain Gilliam. Went to St. Michael in 1900. St. Michael-Fairbanks run in 1907-1908. Now on the ways at St. Michael.

JOHN CUDAHY--819 tons. Built at Unalaska in 1898 by the N.A.T.& T. Co., N.N. Co., and A.Y.N. Co. Arrived in Dawson Aug. 10, 1898 with 156 tons of freight. Made round trip from St. Michael to Dawson and return in 17 days. Was fastest of N.A.T.& T. fleet. On the Dawson and Fairbanks runs made seven trips in 1905 and one Dawson trip in 1906.

JOHN J. HEALY--450 tons. Built at St. Michael in 1896 by the N.A.T.& T. Company. Arrived in Dawson July 12, 1898, with 241 tons of freight. Named after the general manager, N.A.T.& T. Company. Made eight trips on the St. Michael-Dawson-Fairbanks run in 1905 and 10 trips in 1906. Now on ways at St. Michael.

JOHN RILEY--220 tons. Built at St. Lorenz, 1898. No other data.

JOSEPH CLOSSETT--147 tons. Built on Lake Bennett, 1898, by John F. Steffen. Went through the Rapids in 1898. Operated on Whitehorse-Dawson run. Dismantled in Whitehorse in 1931 by B.Y.N. Company.

JULIA B--835 tons. Built in Ballard in 1908 by Captains Brown and McCarthy, builders. Owned by Merchant's Yukon Line. Capt. Kurz, first skipper. Named for Julia Burichter, now at Dawson with the A.Y.N. Company. Operated on St. Michael-Fairbanks run mostly.

J. P. LIGHT--785 tons. Built in Seattle in 1898 by the Moran Bros. for the M.Y.L.& N. Company, A.Y.N. Company. Arrived at Dawson September 6, 1898 with a barge of 350 tons of freight. On St. Michael-Dawson run, and Fairbanks run 1905-1909, and up to 1913.

J. W. JACOBS--Built at Whitehorse as a U.S. Army Q.M. steamer. Often wintered at Whitehorse. Tanana records her 10 trips on the Lower River in 1909 with Capt. DePuy. No further record available. Last operated by Alaska Railroad. Now dismantled at Nenana.

To be concluded next ussue

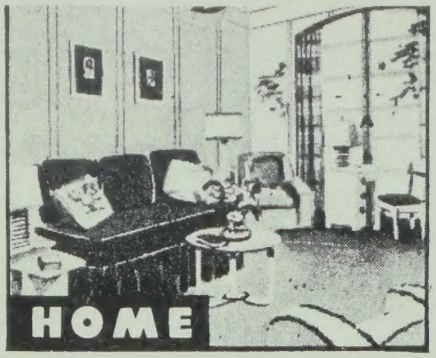
THE AUTHOR - Concluded

College in Spokane, Wash. As a lad he was always intensely interested in transportation, and upon completing his formal education he went to work in various clerical capacities for several railroads including the Idaho & Washington Railroad, the Great Northern, and the Southern Pacific, before going to St. Michael, Alaska, to work for the Northern Navigation Co. In 1912 he took a position with the White Pass & Yukon Route (his uncle had been the first Conductor when the railway inaugurated its service in 1898). He has been with the company ever since.

Recalling the thrill of his first visit to Skagway in 1899, and realizing that he had witnessed events of historical significance, he began gathering facts and amassing data on early events preceeding and following the Klondyke Gold Rush, and today has so much factual information at his finger tips (with photos and documents to bear him out) that he has furnished material for a dozen books and articles to visiting journalists - some of whom had the grace to acknowledge the source of their material - but most of whom ''didn't even have the grace to send me a complimentary copy'', said W.D.

Mr. MacBride is a member of the Yukon Fish and Game Protective Association, the Western Canada-Yukon Fish & Game Council, and the Outdoor Writer's Association of America with a dozen or more articles to his credit including ''Trail of '98'', Summer issue Cariboo & Northwest Digest, ''Whitehorse'' and ''History of Early Transportation'' in our Fall issue.

Whitehorse, Y.T.



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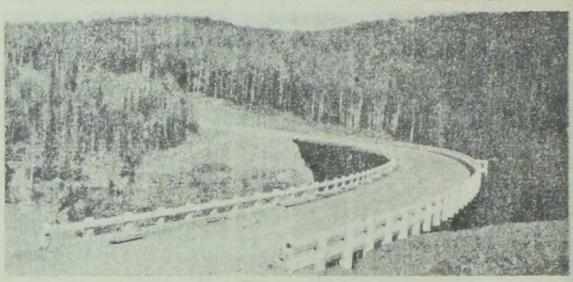

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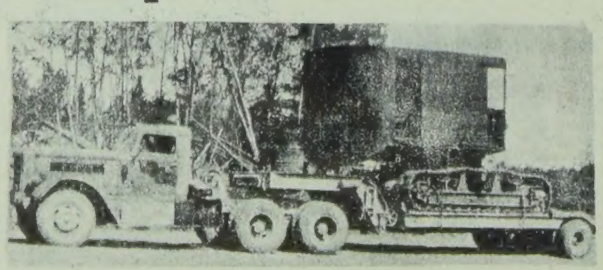

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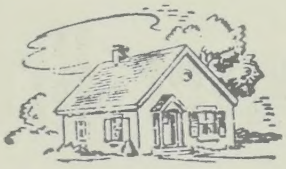

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